CAN CIGARETTES KILL YOU?

A Report by Sidney Katz

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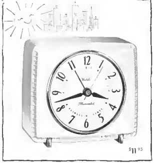
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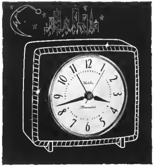

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MACLEAN'S CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
APRIL 1 1954 VOLUME 67 NUMBER 7

EDITORIAL

BEING INDEPENDENT DOESN'T MEAN BEING RUDE

NOT LONG ago we heard a radio panel discussion, three Canadians talking to three Americans about causes of Canadian American misunderstandings. We've been brooding about it ever since.

Some of it was good healthy argument about real issues. Questions like, for example, the recognition of Red China were debated with good humor and good sense on both sides. But it seemed to us that these exchanges took up less than half the time.

More often or maybe it merely seemed more often the Canadians were scolding the Americans in a querulous self righteous tone. Rudely they accused the Americans of being rude and smugly charged them with being smug.

Listening, we realized with a slight shock that this conversation was absolutely typical. We'd heard it hundreds of times in private—even taken our own rude smug part—and never even noticed it. We Canadians have always assumed, for some reason, a divine right to tell Americans exactly what we think of them on all occasions. If they resent it, they are being stuffy.

This notion goes unchallenged a good deal of the time. Some Americans, in their turn, are too smug to bother defending themselves against criticism from any non U. S. source. Others have enough courtesy and self control to realize that any nation as strong and wealthy as theirs must expect more than its share of criticism. The three Americans we heard on the radio panel were in the second category. Politely they apologized for not being more polite; in the whole program, under extreme provocation, they never once showed ill temper.

Few Canadians are able to do likewise. We all enjoy criticizing our hefty neighbors, all the more when the victims are there to hear us, but most of us are furiously indignant if they ever criticize us. Let an American tourist so much as make a face at the coffee he's been served in some roadside stand and he is tartly told that if he doesn't like the way Canadians do things he'd better go back home. This is known as sturdy Canadian independence.

It's just possible that Americans find it merely disagreeable.

For a small country lying alongside a big powerful country the problem of maintaining independence is always real. No Canadian wants our government tamely to follow Washington's lead in everything, much less pull forelocks to Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune or to Senator Joe McCarthy. We have a right and a duty to speak for ourselves.

But maybe we all ought to remember that we can be independent without making a virtue of being unpleasant.

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CONTENTS

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Articles

CAN CIGARETTES KILL YOU? Sidney Katz 9
THE WHITE AND THE GOLD Part 2 HOW RICHELIEU SPUN HIS WEB Thomas B. Costain 12
GROWING UP WITH THE NEHRUS Nayantara Pandit 14
YOU'RE IN THE MOVIE BUSINESS Fred Bodsworth 16
IN MANITOBA SPRING REALLY DOES MEAN MUSIC Beth Paterson 18
THOSE MOUTH WATERING MENNONITE MEALS Edna Staebler 20
WHERE EVEN THE KIDS ARE DISC JOCKEYS Robert Collins 24
THE USED CAR KINGS OF THE DAZZLING DANFORTH Frank Croft 26
WHO SAYS THEY'VE GOT NO CHANCE? Dorothy Sangster 28
DEDUCT THE LESSER OF THE TWO Robert Thomas Allen 30

Fiction

THE SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW Jacob Hay 22

Departments

EDITORIAL 2
LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser 6
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour 32
JASPER Cartoon by Simpkins 94
MAILBAG 94
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE 95
PARADE 96

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE
8—Miller Services (4) Panda (9 10) Wide World (15) Associated Press (15) National Film Board (16 17 18 19) Peter Croydon (21), Yellowknife Photo Service (24) H W Tetlow (26 27) Ken Bell (28) Alan Beller (95)

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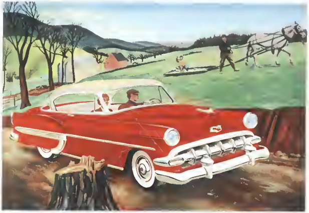

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THERE HAS NEVER BEEN a Chevrolet that responded so quickly, smoothly and quietly to your foot on the accelerator. You accelerate, climb hills and whisper along the highway as you never did before.

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ON RADIO—"ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"—See your paper for time and station

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*

Where Have the Lions Gone?

READERS of the London Letter will know how deeply I admire and enjoy the British Houses of Parliament. Even though it means weary late hours I never lose the feeling of drama when I see the light in the clock tower proclaiming to the world that the House is still in session.

At six o'clock last evening the silk-stockinged Sergeant at Arms from the House of Lords invited us to "The Other Place" to hear the giving of the royal assent to various bills that had been passed. So we made a procession, led by Mr. Speaker, to the Upper House where three peers in their robes and cocked hats were sitting at the far end rather like three Tweedledees.

The clerk then read a message from the Queen regretting that she could not arrange to be present. As Her Majesty was at the other side of the world we understood her dilemma. But in the message Her Majesty informed us that she had appointed her beloved uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, to sign necessary documents on her behalf.

The clerk then read out the names of the three peers, each one raising his cocked hat in turn, who were there to see that everything was done according to custom. Whereupon the clerk announced: "Navy, Army and Air Force Reserves, Licensing (seamen's canteens), National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland" . . . and two or three others, equally puzzling.

For each bill the three peers raised their hats, thus signifying the royal assent, and the clerk at the table declared in ancient Norman that the Queen willed it so. Thus did Her Gracious Majesty indicate that the bills should pass into law.

When it was all over we paraded two by two back to our own House where Mr. Speaker informed us of what we had just seen, and then we got down to business.

I do not know how often I have seen that quaint performance but it never loses its mystic quality and its atmosphere of the centuries. Not even Aneurin Bevan would do away with it if he could. Democracy as well as autocracy must have its symbols.

Bax sighs for the days when orators like Lloyd George stormed in the House.

But all is not well with the Old Mother of Parliaments. Every one of us knows that is true. Even the public gallery of the Commons is only half full most of the time, and frequently there is only a sprinkling of MPs on the benches.

For example take the much trumpeted debate when Rab Butler returned from the Commonwealth finance ministers' conference in Sydney, Australia, in January. There were reports that a group of Tory rebels would charge him with selling the Empire down the river. Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers had bombarded him day after day, declaring that he had bartered imperial preferential tariffs for an illusory dream of world trade.

The debate was on a Thursday and no vote would be taken. The House was packed to hear Butler when he rose at three-thirty in the afternoon, but when John Foster began his winding-up speech as Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, there were exactly 12 MPs in the chamber. And when Foster finished there were only ten.

What had happened? There is a partial explanation, although a poor one. Finding that there would be no division a large number of northern and midland members left for their homes to have an unexpectedly long week end. And after all they could read the whole debate next day in Hansard. But that is not the whole story.

Now let us switch for a moment to the North Ilford by-election in East London. Forty-eight hours before the polling the Tory candidate had to cancel one of his two meetings because nobody turned up. I agree that the weather was cold, but not that cold.

Day after day, night after night, the House of Commons debates go on and on but when the opening speeches are finished the attendance thins out. There is no law that compels us to stay in the chamber and admittedly we have committees and other

Continued on page 83

This man fights the sea...

From it he reaps a hard harvest of food and medicine-giving oils.

His name could be Cronce or Scott, or Blanc. What is important is his part in the building of Canada. This man, and the men in steel, paper, mining and construction are building a greater Canada.

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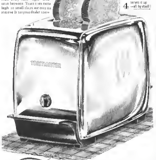

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Maurice Puts The Squeeze On Montreal

FEDERAL cabinet ministers derive a certain satisfaction not devoid of malice from Premier Maurice Duplessis' new Quebec income tax which runs as high as 12 percent of federal income tax. They are particularly amused at the hopefully indignant editorials in newspapers friendly to Duplessis saying it's up to Ottawa to make the whole 12 percent deductible from the federal levy.

Far from planning any such change Ottawa politicians are rather enjoying the discomfiture of those Montreal millionaires who have been Duplessis' financial backers. This Quebec tax is just what Ottawa has been predicting for years and Liberals are not denying themselves the luxury of saying "I told you so."

By staying out of the dominion-provincial tax agreements which all other provinces have signed, Premier Duplessis in the name of "autonomy" has been denying Quebec an amount which now runs around twenty millions a year. That's not counting the two millions which in the name of "autonomy" he refuses to let Quebec universities accept from Ottawa. These two figures roughly equal what Duplessis hopes to get from his new provincial income tax.

Ottawa's amusement is hardly diminished by the political skill Duplessis showed in devising the tax. Very few Duplessis voters will have to pay it. Duplessis' electoral strength is in the rural ridings and only about 400 Quebec farmers pay federal income tax. By raising the exemption to $3,000 for married men, fifty percent higher than the federal level, Duplessis has probably contrived to exempt most of that 400.

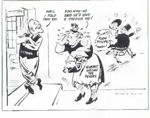
Of the 300,000 Quebecers who will pay two income taxes henceforth the vast majority live in Montreal, where Duplessis captured only three out of 14 seats at the last election, and those by narrow margins. Of course the Union Nationale looks to Montreal for a much larger fraction of its money but that's not in serious danger any more. The Union Nationale is solidly entrenched now and contributions to its war chest are no longer a matter of choice for businessmen.

A COUPLE OF MONTHS ago an item in this column described a forthcoming booklet about popular misunderstandings between the United States and Canada. Quite a few people wrote to ask when the booklet will be available and where they could obtain copies.

I'm told now that it will be published about the same time as this issue of Maclean's. It's been a project of the Canada-U.S. Committee which is maintained jointly by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States (not the International Chamber of Commerce as I incorrectly reported in the previous item) and the booklet is being put out by the U.S. section primarily for American readers. Their address is 1615 H Street Northwest, Washington, D.C. Canadians who want copies should enquire through the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

One continuing cause of misunderstanding between the two countries is Senator Pat McCarran's Immigration Act with its strict provision for the screening

Continued on page 93



WELL I TOLD YOU SO
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OTTAWA
RURAL VOTERS
QUEBEC INCOME TAX PAYERS

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* * *

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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Can cigarettes kill you?

Some specialists blame the smoking habit for the alarming increase in lung cancer, which one expert says will afflict one man out of twelve by 1970. Others suggest the cigarette may be blameless. Here's a report on the most controversial medical topic of our times

By SIDNEY KATZ

IF YOU ARE ONE of the six million Canadians who smoke, your health has become the subject of the hottest medical controversy in modern times. Its source is the chilling question: "Is lung cancer caused by cigarettes?"

Lung cancer cases have increased alarmingly. Between 1931 and 1952 the number of annual deaths from that cause in Canada has jumped from 183 to 1,503. In 1931 lung cancer was responsible for 2.6 percent of all male cancer deaths; in 1952 this proportion had risen to almost 14 percent. In 1935 the lung was fifth among seven male cancer sites; today it has climbed to second place, next to the stomach.

The same frightening trend is visible in the United States where since 1933 the death rate for lung cancer has quadrupled for men, doubled for women. In England and Wales lung cancer is detected today fifteen times more frequently than in 1913. Similar statistics come from Denmark, Australia, Turkey, Japan and Switzerland. Dr. Alton Ochsner of New Orleans, a cancer specialist and professor of surgery at Tulane University, predicts that "by 1970 one out of every two or three men with cancer will have cancer of the lung ... or one out of every ten or twelve men living."

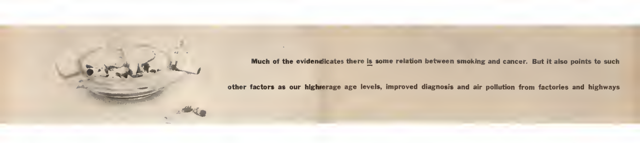
A small and vocal group of physicians, surgeons and medical researchers have named the cigarette as the culprit. Typical of these are Dr. Evarts Graham, a lung surgeon of St. Louis, and Dr. Ernest Wynder, of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York, who say: "In general it appears that the less a person smokes the less are the chances that lung cancer will develop; the more heavily a person smokes the greater the chances of becoming affected by the disease."

They point to the parallel between increased cigarette consumption and lung cancer. Between 1930 and 1953 cigarette consumption in Canada skyrocketed from 5 billion to 21 billion. In the last twenty years American smoking has increased from 117 billion cigarettes to 433 billion. Since 1900 the per capita yearly cigarette consumption in the United Kingdom has risen from less than half a pound to four pounds. In Iceland, where people are light cigarette smokers, primary cancer of the lung is relatively rare. The per capita consumption of tobacco today in Iceland is the same as British consumption for 1920.

Recently Graham and Wynder extracted tar from tobacco smoke, painted it on the shaven backs of white mice for over a year and produced skin cancers in 44 percent of the animals. "This shows conclusively," asserted Dr. Graham, "that there is something in cigarette smoke which can produce cancer."

But a group of equally reputable medical researchers refuse to convict the cigarette as being responsible for lung cancer. "While lung cancer and cigarette smoking have both gone up during the past thirty years, a lot of other things have changed as well," says Dr. Paul Kotin, a University of Southern California pathology professor. "There's the matter of air pollution. The air is now full of dusts, fumes and smokes from automobiles, chimney stacks and asphalt and tarred roads which irritate the lungs. A growing number of industrial workers are coming in contact with new substances which may be carcinogenic, i.e. substances which may produce cancer." "It may turn out," says Dr. Cuyler Hammond, director of statistical research for the American Cancer Society and professor of biometry at Yale University, "that smoking has so little influence on the development of cancer that only a few very timid souls would take the danger seriously."

The evidence linking cancer of the lung with cigarette smoking has



Much of the evidendicates there *is* some relation between smoking and cancer. But it also points to such other factors as our highrerage age levels, improved diagnosis and air pollution from factories and highways

been sharply questioned by other authorities like Dr. R. H. Rigdon and Helen Kirchoff of the experimental pathology laboratory at the University of Texas. More lung cancers are bound to show up today, they say, because of improved diagnostic facilities; also, cancer is a disease of middle age and beyond and there are a greater proportion of older people today than at any other time.

Many scientists have pointed out that results obtained with white mice in laboratories do not necessarily apply to human beings. "Perhaps it only proves," wisecracked one research worker, "that mice shouldn't smoke."

The implications of the cigarette-lung-cancer controversy are staggering. Millions of smokers who enjoy the relaxing qualities of a cigarette are confused and frightened. A monthly check in December 1953 in twelve American cities showed that cigarette sales are down by as much as ten percent. No figures have yet been released to show a similar Canadian trend but an informal check of a half dozen retail outlets in Toronto indicates that cigarette sales have fallen off.

A decline in cigarette smoking would hit both the tobacco industry and the government economy. Three hundred thousand Canadians are directly dependent on the tobacco industry for a livelihood. Sixty million dollars annually are paid out to farmers for their tobacco crop. Each year, tobacco now yields the federal government over $240 million or six percent of its total revenue. Six of our ten provinces also collect a tax on every package of cigarettes sold. The 1.5 billion dollars collected by the United States government in cigarette taxes more than covers the cost of running the Public Health Service as well as other health and welfare agencies. In Great Britain 613 million pounds paid into the treasury by smokers meets more than half the cost of maintaining the armed forces. That is why a former chancellor of the exchequer once begged the people: "Please smoke more. We need your money."

Bright Prospects for Salted Peanuts

Lesser economic reverberations are in motion. The author of one book on how to give up smoking expected to sell ten thousand copies; he has already reaped royalties from eight times that number and sales are still going up. The makers of gum, candy, salted peanuts and other confections see brighter days ahead on the theory that the ex-smoker will have to have something else to pop into his mouth.

The writer recently spent several weeks trying to ascertain the facts about smoking and lung cancer. I studied the literature on the subject and discovered that Index Medicus lists more than three hundred articles on tobacco and health since 1940 alone. I interviewed Canadian cancer and lung specialists, officials of both the Canadian and American Cancer Societies, medical statisticians and spokesmen for the Canadian tobacco industry. Since this problem is not being investigated in Canada I went to the United States to interview physicians, pathologists, chemists, experimental biologists and others who are engaged in tracking down the possible effect of tobacco smoke on the human lung, among them Dr. Ernest Wynder.

Wynder, co-author of the Graham-Wynder reports, is on the staff of the Sloan-Kettering Research Institute, the research division of the New York Memorial Centre for Cancer and Allied Diseases, the largest cancer hospital in the world. His associate, Dr. Evarts Graham of the Washington University medical school, St. Louis, was the man who first performed a total pneumonectomy — removal of an entire lung by surgery.

Graham and Wynder published their first major report on lung cancer and smoking in 1950. They had carefully questioned 684 lung-cancer patients about their smoking habits and had compared them with a similar number of non-cancer hospital patients in the same age groups. They reported that:

Among the male lung-cancer patients, 96.5 percent had been smoking more than 16 cigarettes a day for 20 years or more. Of the non-cancer patients, only 73.7 percent were in this smoking category. Among the male cancer patients 51.2 percent smoked 21 or more cigarettes a day; only 19.1 percent of the non-cancer patients belonged to this heavy-smoking category.

Only two percent of the cancer patients were non-smokers.

Graham and Wynder concluded, "It is rare to find a case of epidermoid lung cancer in a male patient who has not been at least a moderately heavy smoker (16 to 20 cigarettes a day) for many years."

Two other reports on lung cancer and smoking appeared in 1950. One told of research carried on at the Roswell Park Memorial Hospital near Buffalo by Dr. Morton Levin, assistant commissioner of health for the State of New York, and his colleagues. Some 3,700 cancer patients were compared with 1,300 patients with other diseases. "We concluded," Levin said, "that there is four times as much lung cancer and three times as much larynx cancer among cigarette smokers as among non-smokers."

In England corroborative results were obtained by Drs. Richard Doll and Bradford Hill of the Medical Research Council. Six hundred and forty-nine lung-cancer patients were compared to patients of a corresponding age with a variety of diseases other than cancer. The comparison showed that:

Lung-cancer patients showed the tendency to start smoking earlier in life, continue longer and were less inclined to stop.

There were nine times as many non-smokers in the non-cancer group.

Only 13.5 percent of male non-cancer patients smoked 25 or more cigarettes a day. But 26 percent of the lung-cancer victims were in this heavy-smoking category.

"We conclude that smoking is a factor in the production of carcinoma of the lung," was the verdict rendered by Doll and Hill.

In March 1953 the results of another piece of research by Wynder, assisted by Jerome Cornfield, a U. S. Public Health Service statistician, were published. These researchers wanted to investigate a group of men of similar backgrounds. They chose doctors: they all practiced the same profession, medical diagnosis was available to all alike and they were relatively free from industrial lung irritants such as a factory worker might encounter. They tracked down the causes of death of several hundred physicians over a two-year period. They concluded that "the mortality rate among doctors for lung cancer is ten per hundred thousand for non-smoking doctors and 133 per hundred thousand for the heaviest smoking (35 or more cigarettes a day) doctors."

But it was Graham and Wynder's December 1953 report that really stirred up a hornet's nest. They had taken extracted tobacco tar from the smoke of cigarettes and rubbed it on the skin of white mice. Almost half of the mice developed cancer. The irritant had to be used on the mice for over a year to bring on the cancer. In terms of the human life span, this is equivalent to thirty years. Researchers have frequently observed that the "lung cancer age" is between 50 and 69, after a person has been smoking twenty or thirty years. "Our experiments show that the tobacco tar in cigarette smoke contains an irritant which might be the cause of human lung cancer," says Wynder.

There is nothing new in the claim that tobacco may be the cause of cancer. When Ulysses S. Grant, the U. S. president, died in 1885 of cancer of the tongue, his surgeon Dr. G. F. Shrady observed, "He was seldom without a cigar in his mouth." In 1912 at a time when only 374 lung-cancer cases had been identified and described in world medical literature, Dr. I. Adler of New York published a monograph in which he suggested smoking was the cause. About this time, researchers observed that tobacco juice caused the skin of guinea pigs to erupt, that pills of tobacco tar placed in the bladders of rats produced tumorous growths. In 1928, Dr. James Ewing, one of the founders of the American Cancer Society, warned of a possible connection between cancer and smoking. In 1935 Dr. Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University, published a report on smoking and longevity after examining 7,000 men. "There is a sharp difference in the death rate of the smoker and non-smoker," he concluded. Between 1939 and 1949 there were a number of small-scale investigations into the relationship between lung cancer and smoking in England, the United States and Continental Europe. A typical result was obtained by Dr. F. H. Muller in Germany. Of 86 victims of lung cancer three were non-smokers, 56 were heavy smokers and the rest were somewhere between.

Sorting the Facts and the Fancies

Most Canadian cancer authorities feel that while the cigarette has not yet been proven guilty the evidence is worthy of consideration. Dr. Ivan Smith, head of Victoria Hospital, London, which houses one of the "cobalt bombs" used in cancer therapy, says, "Practically all the men I've treated for lung cancer have been over forty and have smoked one or two packs of cigarettes a day." Dr. R. M. Janes, professor of surgery of the University of Toronto, believes tobacco to be suspect although he says conclusive proof has yet to be offered. Dr. Norman C. Delarue, a Toronto lung-cancer specialist, says all reports published "tend to substantiate the feeling that cigarette smoking has a real relationship to the development of carcinoma of the lung."

But the argument is by no means entirely on one side. Many highly qualified physicians like Dr. D. W. Smithers, of the Royal Cancer Hospital, London, Eng., feel that the talk about cancer and smoking may be much ado about nothing. "We are still attempting to sort the facts from the fancies," he says. Smithers and those who share his point of view are convinced the question has not yet been sufficiently investigated. Their objections can be summarized as follows:

1. The "backward" method of research, used in cancer-smoking investigations to date, is unreliable. The "backward" method means eliciting information from sources after the events have happened. In cancer-smoking research groups of lung-cancer patients in hospital have been questioned about their smoking habits in the past.

Dr. Cuyler Hammond of the American Cancer Society asks, "Can you get reliable information, going back twenty and thirty years, from lung-cancer patients in hospital?" They are frightened, worried and often in pain. Many are taking sedatives. Some have undergone — or are about to undergo — a major surgical operation. From his experience with "backward" studies in other fields Hammond is convinced the data obtained would be grossly biased.

Furthermore is it fair to assume that lung-cancer patients seen in hospital are typical of all lung-cancer patients? "The people with lung cancer who smoke heavily are the ones most likely to go to hospital," suggests Hammond. "Smoking will irritate lesions in the lung. This leads to bleeding which in turn results in a rush trip to hospital. The non-smoking lung-cancer victim is more likely to die at home."

To overcome the weaknesses of the "backward" method of research, the American Cancer Society is engaged in a study of 210,000 "average" American males between the ages of 50 and 69 living all over the United States. The "forward" method of research is being used. Two years ago they were all closely questioned about their smoking habits. As the subjects die (as they do at the rate of 5,000 a year) a careful study is made of the cause of death. "In two or three years," says an official of the American Cancer Society, "we should have an unbiased picture of the correlation between lung cancer and smoking."

2. The increase in lung cancer may be nothing more than the result of our improved methods of diagnosis and recording. It is only within recent years that doctors have acquired the skill of diagnosing lung cancer with reasonable accuracy. Before World War I it was uncommon for a diagnosis of lung cancer to be made before death. In 1904 a series of post mortems showed that only six of 178 lung-cancer cases had been properly diagnosed. One of the most valuable diagnostic tools, the bronchoscope, was introduced only twenty years ago. The sputum test for lung cancer is only fifteen years old.

Moreover the introduction of antibiotic drugs like penicillin has made it easier for the average medical practitioner to spot lung-cancer cases. There is a great similarity in symptoms between lung cancer and some respiratory infections. These may include hoarseness, wheezing, coughing, chest pains, bloody sputum and fatigue. The modern doctor who suspects respiratory infection may give the patient penicillin. If the patient doesn't recover the doctor starts looking elsewhere and this search might ultimately lead him to find cancer of the lung.

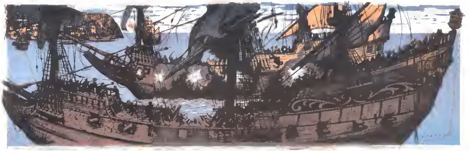
Some cancer specialists like Dr. Smithers strongly suspect that many of their colleagues have become too prone to write in "carcinoma of the lung" on death certificates. "Many patients who die with symptoms of chronic lung and heart disorders are being labeled as lung cancer," he says. Smithers points out that death from respiratory disease is common, death from lung cancer, although sharply increasing, still comparatively rare. Respiratory disease death rates have been moving steadily down while lung-cancer rates have been going up. Can the increase in one merely be the statistical reflection of the decrease in the other?

An illustration of how methods of recording and diagnosis can affect medical figures is provided by the international rates for death from all kinds of cancer. Near the top of the list with mortality rates of over 130 per hundred thousand population are Switzerland, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden and England, all countries with highly organized health services. At the bottom of the list with cancer-mortality rates of 25 or less per hundred thousand are Mexico, Ecuador and Egypt, all of which have poor health services. (Lack of industrialization and a low life expectancy in the latter countries must be considered.)

3. Because of population changes during the past thirty and forty years, the increase in lung cancer may be more apparent than real. We can expect a larger total number of lung-cancer cases because of our increased population. But a more significant shift is in the age structure. In 1931 the number of Canadians fifty years and over totaled 1.7 million; by 1951 this number had

Continued on page 86

The White and the Gold
BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN
Part Two


The French ships, heavy with cargo and settlers, were raked by English Captain Kirke. Admiral de Roquemont surrendered

How Richelieu Spun his Web

The Jesuits were already preaching in the forests. A British fleet lurked on the horizon, ready to pounce on the defenseless French settlements. And in the background, the clever, cold young cardinal was twisting Champlain's colony to his own ambitious purpose

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle

AN ENGLISH expedition headed by John Cabot discovered the eastern coast of Canada in 1497. A French expedition led by Jacques Cartier discovered the true inland *Kanada* of the Indians in 1534.

Many Canadians, more familiar with the shape than with the details of their nation's early history, recollect the next two hundred and fifty years as a period of unremitting struggle between the two great European powers for a sub continent whose strategic importance and material wealth both saw clearly from the start. This is far from the truth. The struggle for Canada did not begin to take its ultimate form until nearly a century after Cartier, and even then it began almost invisibly, like the faint stirring of silken drapes at the court of Fontainebleau and priestly cassocks rustling through the silent forests beside Georgian Bay.

In the foreground were the dedicated Jesuits, preaching, colonizing and dying on the fringes of the New World. In the background was a more sinister figure in a blood-red gown, the cold-eyed Cardinal Richelieu who, more than any man, was to fix the autocratic pattern by which France would govern her new colony.

Henry IV of France came under the influence of the Jesuits in his final years and decided to attach Father Pierre Biard, a professor of theology at Lyons and a zealous Jesuit, to the first Acadian colony. The leaders of the venture shared the suspicion general in France that the order was a Spanish institution and closely allied to the Inquisition. By some skilful contriving the ship which was supposed to take Father Biard to America managed to leave him behind in the port of Bordeaux and there he remained for a year in mounting indignation and wrath. He succeeded finally in getting himself aboard another ship and reaching Acadia.

After the death of Henry a coterie of court ladies carried on the movement to place spiritual control of Canada in the hands of the Jesuits. The Queen Regent was among these Jesuit sympathizers, as was also one of Henry's mistresses and, of more importance still as things turned out, a very lovely and virtuous lady with whom the amorous King had been deeply but unsuccessfully in love, Antoinette de Pons, Marquise de Guercheville. The marquise was the possessor of great wealth with which she was prepared to support the followers of Loyola in the New World.

In 1625 the Duc de Ventadour assumed the post of Viceroy of Canada in succession to his uncle, the Duc de Montmorency, and in the new incumbent the determined women found a most willing ally. This deeply religious young man was titular head of the colony for a short time only, but he left his mark on the colony.

When De Ventadour took the reins of the vice-royalty he was already convinced that religious teaching in New France should be done exclusively by Jesuits. It has been said, in fact, that it was on the advice of Father Philibert Noyrot, his confessor and a Jesuit, that he had assumed the post. Shortly thereafter Father Noyrot himself joined the Jesuit group in Canada, where the work of ministering to Samuel de Champlain's tiny white colony at Quebec and another small French settlement in Acadia and of converting the Indian tribes to Christianity had been begun by the equally dedicated but less militant Récollets Fathers. It had been apparent for some time that the Récollets were not strong enough to carry on the work unaided. Ventadour saw to it that the chief burden was transferred to the willing shoulders of the Jesuits.

Three truly remarkable men formed the Jesuit advance guard: Charles Lalemant, Jean de Brébeuf and Enemond Masse. Filled with courage and burning with a zeal which nothing could daunt, they were to play great parts in the early history of New France. They arrived without ostentation and found that no provision had been made for their reception, Champlain being in France and the Huguenot Emery de Caen acting in his place. It was necessary for them to live temporarily with the Récollets on the St. Charles River. Although the kindly friars knew they would be relegated to a secondary part they welcomed the newcomers cordially.

The vigorous intent of the order became apparent when two more priests arrived with ample supplies provided by the unfailing purse of the widowed marquise and accompanied by a corps of workmen. They built a simple but stout house behind a palisade of tall timbers near the Récollets. Impatient to be about the work which had brought them to the New World, and thirsting perhaps for the martyrdom which beckoned, the staunch fathers set forth into the wilds as soon as their base had been established. Lalemant and Brébeuf went to live with the Hurons where they labored and suffered for many years. Soon Brébeuf was writing to the General of the Society in Rome: "They (the Indians) are frightened by the torment of hell. Enticed by the joys of paradise, they open their eyes to the light of truth . . . We have baptized more than ninety."

The Jesuits in the wilderness fell close to God. Their solitude added to their mysticism. Even Father Brébeuf, a giant physically and a man of simple and gentle spirit, began to have visions. Once he saw a great cross in the sky. This was in 1640 when the Iroquois had declared open war on the French and were stalking the forests. The cross was in the south, above the land where the men of the Long House dwelt. It seemed to be moving toward him.

He called his comrades and told them what he

Continued on page 53

The Pandit girls were carefully posed with their mother by an Allahabad photographer twenty years ago. From left: Lekha, Rita (standing) and author Nayantara.

Growing up with the Nehrus

By NAYANTARA PANDIT

The sparkling Mrs. Pandit of the United Nations is her mother. The enigmatic Nehru of India is her uncle. And she was close to the saintly Gandhi from her infancy. Now this brilliant young woman tells the fascinating story of how she grew up amid the politics and prison terms that marked the bitter birth of the new India

A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

This Nehru home was given to the nation.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Nayantara Pandit Sahgal is one of the three daughters of Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, currently President of the General Assembly of the United Nations. For several years the Pandits lived with Jawaharlal Nehru, the widowed brother of Mrs. Pandit, and Mrs. Sahgal later became his unofficial hostess. She was with Gandhi when he died. From 1913 to 1917 she attended college in the U.S.

Back in New Delhi the author's now married.

ONE DAY, when I was about three years old, we had chocolate cake for tea at our home in Allahabad. It was a treat, because ordinarily we had bread and butter. It was a rich dark cake, chocolate through and through, with chocolate swirls on top. While we were at tea, a group of policemen arrived at the house. When my older sister Lekha asked why they had come, Mummie explained that they had come to take Papu to prison but that it was nothing to worry about, because he wanted to go. So we kissed our father good-by and watched him leave, talking cheerfully to the policeman. We ate our chocolate cake and in our infant minds, prison became in some mysterious way associated with chocolate cake.

It was an apt introduction to the teachings of Gandhi for, according to him, prison should have no unpleasant associations. Arrest for peaceful non-co-operation with the British rulers of India was to be voluntarily courted and imprisonment gladly accepted. As we grew older we saw that jail-going was always treated as a gala occasion, not a sombre one. It was accompanied by a great deal of laughter and congratulation and mutual back-slapping. The jail-goers were no silent sufferers but pilgrims.

Seeing our mother, father and all the family go to jail, Lekha and I and our younger sister Rita longed to be old enough to go too. Prison life (as Lekha discovered later) was no happy experience, with the political prisoners interned with thieves, murderers, other desperate lawbreakers and even sometimes lepers, but that was all part of the crusade and nobody complained.

With us, political awareness was the most important influence in our lives. We were born and grew up at a time when India had come under the leadership of Gandhi and was maturing to nationhood under his guidance. To us, India's fight for freedom and all that it symbolized in the way of valor and idealism was represented by our mother's brother, Jawaharlal Nehru (whom we called Mamu) who had guided the political destiny of our family toward Gandhi. It was Mamu, among the first to respond to Gandhi's call when he came to India from South Africa in 1916, who influenced our grandfather, Motilal, to join his ranks.

The Indian National Congress, a party which had been started in the late nineteenth century as a "loyal opposition to His Majesty's Government," became after the end of World War I a rebel organization having as its ultimate goal the independence of India. Gandhi himself was never a member of it, but it soon became the instrument through which he was to carry on his novel and startling method of non-violent warfare. When Gandhi inaugurated his first jail-going campaign, calling upon Indians openly to defy certain repressive measures launched in India after the war—and by so doing deliberately to court arrest, it was Mamu who threw in his lot with him, eventually convincing his father to do the same.

Mamu's example had fired the imagination of the Nehru household, and so it was natural that our father, Ranjit Sitaram Pandit, when he married Mummie in 1924, should have been drawn into the same fever. Papu's father, Sitaram Pandit, had been in many ways Gandhi's *guru*, that is, his teacher and guide. So the stream which bore us toward Gandhi came from two sources.

We are truly the children of Gandhi's India. Our growing up was India's growing up into political maturity, a different kind of political maturity from any that the world had seen before, based on an ideology inspired by self-sacrifice, compassion and peace. The influence of these strange politics wove into our lives a pattern of unique enchantment. Enchantment! The word may sound incongruous when one recalls that our parents had to spend a great deal of their time away from us, either at work or in prison. But that again was part of Gandhi's magic. We learned to take pride in our parents' contribution to the struggle and to feel that it was our own.

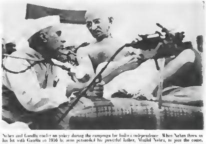
I still remember clearly the first time we visited Mummie in prison. She was in the Lucknow District Jail, and because we *Continued on page 74*

After her father's death Nayantara became even more closely attached to her idol, Prime Minister Nehru. He always made time to talk to his nieces.

A British van afire in Calcutta during a 1946 riot. Gandhi couldn't always make his non-violence stick.

After his assassination in 1948 Gandhi's body burns on a funeral pyre. A mourner takes some of its ashes.

The now famous Mrs. Pandit is again photographed with her daughters, this time at the UN building.



Nehru and Gandhi confer on policy during the campaign for India's independence. When Nehru threw in his lot with Gandhi in 1916 he soon persuaded his powerful father, Motilal Nehru, to join the cause.

The National Film Board, now in a secret struggle with the CBC about who's going to make our TV movies, adds another chapter to its stormy history. And you're involved, because—like it or not—

YOU'RE IN THE MOVIE BUSINESS

By FREO BOOSWORTH

NFB crews shooting last year's Shakespearean festival at Stratford, Ont., for a new color short. When it is released, they hope for another international smash hit like their Royal Journey

IN THE Canadian Government's prolific family of employees, where a talent for avoiding the headlines is a respected virtue, the National Film Board is almost unique. It is always in the limelight and usually up to its ears in trouble.

Revered by some, reviled by others, but never comfortably ignored, the NFB is constantly attracting such a potpourri of praise and abuse that the Government never quite knows whether it should be bragging or apologizing.

Like many creative artists, the film board has a devoted following among the public at large but is often viewed with doubt and embarrassment within the humdrum, hard-working family circle at home. Recently, for example, Trade Minister C. D. Howe, the Government's No. 2 man, said he was personally "not a great advocate of this excursion into films by the Government of Canada."

Since it came into being in 1939 the board has been battered by one storm after another in headline-making succession. It has been accused of being Communist, high brow, corny, spendthrift and power mad. Its opponents say it is an expensive governmental plaything whose costs are out of proportion to its value; that government film production is an unjustified socialistic invasion of the rights of private enterprise; that it is a dangerous monopoly of an important information service which a government could easily twist to propaganda purposes. Its friends and the board itself say that it is a vital force for Canadian unification and education at home and for interpreting and advertising Canada abroad; that private enterprise couldn't do the job as well, if at all; that there are adequate safeguards to guarantee that no government will turn it to propaganda purposes. People on both sides of the controversy are usually able to agree on one point at least: that NFB is one of the world's most competent producers of documentary films.

Recently the whole debate has been complicated by a bizarre and yet unpublicized new development—the possibility that the film board's survival may be indirectly and unintentionally challenged by the other large government communications agency, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation with its burgeoning television network.

Some film-board employees are saying guardedly that television may be the death knell for NFB. Today NFB's main reason for being is the huge audience of about a million and a half rural Canadians who regularly see NFB films. What will happen to this audience when television reaches every part of Canada and most rural homes have TV sets? There is at least a strong possibility that television may drastically reduce NFB's audience and the film board will then have to reach them via television or abandon its job of educational film making and distribution to the agency that will then have the audience: the CBC.

Up to now CBC has shown reluctance to share its TV field with another government agency, and a behind-the-scenes showdown between CBC and NFB is looming over the issue of who is to become the main film maker for Canadian TV.

Whatever its future role may be, the film board's current activities and purpose are easily identified. It produces and distributes mostly free documentary films of a general educational nature but does not make Hollywood-type fiction films. It is the Government's advisory body on all film affairs, producing and distributing films for individual governmental departments as well as strictly on its own account. No government department can make a film; NFB has to approve the idea and then make the film for it. The board produces about a hundred and fifty films a year, mostly of ten-minute length, about thirty per year being suggested and paid for by a sponsoring government department. The production of about twenty films a year is farmed out to private firms.

NFB spends about three and a half million dollars a year. Half a million of this is earnings from film sales and royalties. The other three million comes from an annual parliamentary grant plus fees from government departments that have had films made for them by NFB.

Although its main audience consists of rural Canadians, most of whom live far from commercial theatres, NFB films are now being increasingly used by urban clubs, churches and labor-union locals. Its films are shown in about forty foreign countries where they are distributed to non-theatrical audiences by Canadian government overseas offices and to theatres by foreign commercial film distributors. Most NFB films are slanted for non-theatrical audiences but the board also produces films for theatrical release in Canadian movie houses. Its two monthly theatrical series, Canada Carries On and Eye Witness, cover new developments in Canadian life and industry from oil wells to ballet. It takes newsreel shots (the board claims it sticks to subjects in which private film producers are not interested) which are submitted to commercial newsreel compilers in New York and London. NFB also produces a fifteen-minute news-feature film per week for Canadian television.

NFB's non-theatrical documentaries cover an almost endless variety of subjects. There are simple how-to-do-it films showing farmers how to treat livestock diseases or manage wood lots, showing fishermen how to market better boneless cod and showing industrial workers how a union local is organized. Many films are aimed at promoting community action—the story of co-operatives in the Maritimes, slum clearance in Toronto. Health and child care are frequent subjects. But a large percentage are simply the story of Canada. Typical titles are Canada's Atom Goes to Work, Opening of Parliament, Canada: World Trader.

More Bricks Than Bouquets

NFB was lauded before the Massey Commission by more than one hundred societies. Its films have won scores of awards all over the world, including two Hollywood Oscars, and even its enemies admit that it consistently produces good films.

All the same, it gets kicked around by more critics than any other federal government institution. It is deplored by private film producers. It has been viewed with suspicion by the big theatre chains and film distributors who see it as a competitive Canadian film producer. It is a favorite target of the parliamentary Opposition and is occasionally criticized by members of the Government too. It is said to be the government agency that no minister wants under his control, and during its fifteen-year history it has been passed around among five different cabinet ministers.

This matter of government control of the film board is the biggest factor underlying NFB's current troubles with CBC over television participation. Film board affairs currently come under the control of W. E. Harris, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. The minister rarely concerns himself with NFB's day-to-day routine, but he has the authority to step in anytime he wishes and halt or revise a film-board project. Once a general film production program is approved by the minister he seldom interferes, but the authority to do so is nevertheless always there. In this respect NFB differs from crown corporations like CBC and CNR. The crown corporations, though owned by the Government and subject to government control as far as general policy and finances are concerned, are not under continuous government supervision and are free to carry on day-to-day affairs without reference to a government official. The film board has at least twice requested the relatively independent status of a crown corporation to streamline its operations, but each time has been refused.

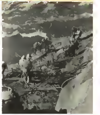
It was against this background that television, combining both radio and film techniques, entered Canada. The Government's radio agency was relatively free of political ties, its film agency was closer to the Government's apron strings.

Well before television appeared in Canada, NFB was interested in the new medium for two reasons: 1. It felt that as a film-maker it was at least as well qualified as CBC to *Continued on page 68*

Ottawa City wants to keep the NFB staff there and is fighting the board's scheduled move to Montreal

TO PRODUCE TYPICAL CANADIAN MOVIES LIKE THESE...

RCN patrol craft nestle in harbor at Halifax



Dam construction work begins near Trail, B.C.

FOR ISOLATED AUDIENCES BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD...

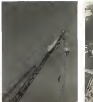
Reaction of a test audience is sought before Health and Welfare buys an NFB film for its circuit

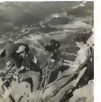
Students in the Belgian Congo learn something of Canada. Films are shown by External Affairs

FILM BOARD CAMERAMEN TAKE RISKS AS PART OF THE JOB

Cameraman on crane shoots the RCN ships which appear in photo top left

Ron Weyman directs a dangerous shot for film Mountain Movers. It was used in Canada Carries On series

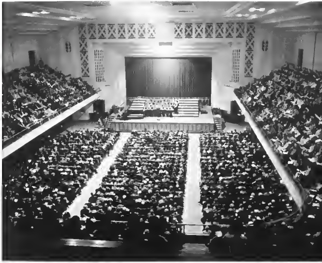




In Manitoba Spring Really Does Mean Music

By BETH PATERSON

This huge prairie musical competition is "the greatest festival in the English-speaking world." It's even more than that for twenty thousand youngsters who giggle, squirm, throw spitballs and—most important of all—make the most of their chance to soak up good music at first hand



Four thousand people filled every seat in the Winnipeg Auditorium on the final night of the musical festival's two-week run last spring. There are 315 competitions.

IN MOST SCHOOLS spring means a heady mixture of Easter holidays, bare knees, chalked love notes on the sidewalk, hockey play-offs, marbles in the mud and a skipping game called double dutch. In Manitoba all these delights pale during the month of April when the prairie province is engrossed in its annual craze for music, a spring fever known as the Manitoba Musical Competition Festival.

The Manitoba Festival is a musical colossus running for two weeks from morning to midnight, about seven sessions a day in five halls and reeling off 315 competitions. The Men's Musical Club of Winnipeg, which sponsors the festival, estimates the cost of the mammoth show at $11,000. During the last few years the 35-year-old festival has been run at a deficit, tapping heavily the club's reserves.

The festival, the largest of its kind in the British Empire in point of audiences and number of participants, last year drew more than twenty thousand contestants to the Winnipeg Civic Auditorium and four other halls. All but 15 percent of the competitors were youngsters jiggling with excitement. Every spring they soak Winnipeg in well molded choirs, trembling violins, powerful orchestras, rippling pianos and multi-gestured opera arias in a madrigal that sometimes turns up an international concert star and always gives Manitoba a good time. Twenty-seven thousand people, half of them children, watch the annual struggle for 65 silver trophies with a fascination that leaves their ears tingling until the middle of May.

The Manitoba Festival, one of the first on the continent, is judged every spring by four distinguished musicians from Great Britain. One of them, Dr. Frederick Staton, once commented that the Manitoba Festival is "the finest festival in the British Empire, especially on its children's side," and another, Sir Hugh Roberton, observed that it is "the greatest festival in the English-speaking world."

Last year Hon. R. F. McWilliams, then lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, described the festival as "a representation of the whole life of Winnipeg. If measuring its importance by the number of individuals taking part and providing pleasure, then indeed it can be called the major event in Winnipeg."

For twenty years parts of Winnipeg's major event have been carried on a national network by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Since 1948 highlights have been recorded and relayed by short wave to Britain and Europe. Winnipeg's four radio stations broadcast portions of the program throughout the two weeks and sprinkle their regular schedule with spot announcements of the winners. Both Winnipeg newspapers, the Tribune and the Free Press, devote several columns daily to each session and have donated some of the trophies. Their reporters cover the festival with the same enthusiasm and adjectives generally reserved for the sports pages, referring to "straight knockouts" and "dark horses," to choirs "romping away with top flight honors," to sessions being "field days" and to the festival "gathering pace for the home stretch."

Admission to the festival has a fifty-cent top for adults and ten cents for children, and the latter are given a school holiday so they can attend when their school choir or orchestra is due to compete. By the thousands they pour out of buses in front of the auditorium, surge shrieking and bumping through the doors and find seats in the horseshoe-shaped balcony with a maximum of rearrangement.

The competitors, on the other hand, are feverishly tense. Their faces reflect juvenile anguish, broken with stifled self-conscious giggles. Singers earnestly suck on lemons in the hope that their throats will be clear. They swallow, wipe their hands on their clothes and swallow again.

In the centre of the auditorium, seated on cushioned wicker chairs before a long collapsible table, are the four judges, men of august dignity. When the hall is comparatively still one of them strikes a classroom bell with the fist of his hand. The choir, if it happens to be a choir competition day, files onto the stage and mounts a tier of scuffed wooden steps against a backdrop of crossed Union Jacks. They sort themselves out in as many as seven stiff rows and the choir leader, a teacher wearing a tinsel-ribboned corsage or boutonniere, gives the signal. The choir sings two songs and is followed by 16 or so other choirs, each singing one compulsory song and one song of its own choice.

The auditorium becomes really still for the first time as one of the judges slowly leaves his chair, climbs to the stage and stands studying the assortment of notes he has been making. He remarks, usually, that the singing has been wonderful, briefly enlarges this observation and then reads the names of the winners. Pandemonium breaks loose in the auditorium. Close to 4,000 competitors and observers jump to their feet shouting, throw their hats in the air, stamp their feet, whistle piercingly through their teeth and pound one another on the back. They erupt through the doors, some sliding down the balcony stair railings, and pour into nearby ice-cream and snack bars. In Winnipeg no symptom of spring is surer than a crumpled music festival program on a wet sidewalk.

The Manitoba Festival follows a tradition hundreds of years old. The Welsh in the eighteenth century used competition to decide who would hold the Bardic Chair, and Wagner in the middle of the nineteenth century wrote an opera about a musical contest, Die Meistersinger. The modern festival is a direct descendant from a village competition in Kendal, England, in 1885 on a covered tennis court. Local festivals sprang up all over England after that and in 1908 a nostalgic immigrant started the first Canadian festival in Edmonton. Saskatchewan followed the next year and Manitoba in 1919, a few months after the armistice.

Manitoba's Musical Festival started modestly with a four-day program in two churches and a small recital hall. It was sponsored by the city's influential Men's Musical Club, which also sponsors the Winnipeg Male Voice Choir, two boys' choirs of a hundred voices each, the Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir, and helped found the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. The festival started with 2,500 contestants, the first of whom was a bass soloist from Brandon who sang Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind. He was

Continued on page 89

THOSE MOUTH-WATERING MENNONITE MEALS

By EDNA STAEBLER

Come into Bevvy Martin's farmhouse, sit down at the groaning table and dig into the drepsley soup, summer sausage, coffeecake, dandelion salad, Dutch apples and tempting shoofly pie. Man, it really schmecks!

ONE OF THE joys of my life is to visit my Mennonite friends the Martins in their sprawling old fieldstone farmhouse near the Conestoga River in Waterloo County, Ontario. Their large old-fashioned kitchen, warmed by a big black cookstove, always has a homely fragrance of wonderful things to eat. Sometimes there is an apple smell, sometimes an aroma of rivel soup, roasting meat, baking cinnamon buns or spicy *hotzelbaum* pie.

Bevvy, the plump little lady of the house, is always busy *schnitzing* (chopping), canning or cooking. With the wings of her soft brown hair smoothly parted under her organdie prayer cap she wears a plain navy blue dress with a skirt almost down to her ankles. She greets me with a smile and a handshake. "Of course you'll stay for supper," she says as she hangs up my coat on a nail. "You know we feel real bad if you come for a visit and don't make out a meal."

I readily accept, always and often, resigning my figure to limbo.

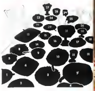
The food Bevvy cooks has such mouth-watering savor that no one can resist it. Like all Mennonite cooking it is plain but divinely flavored and different from any other. You don't have to belong to the Mennonite faith to enjoy it; everyone who has grown up in Waterloo County where Pennsylvania Dutch Mennonites settled in 1797 is devoted to sour cream salads and the richness of Dutch apple pie. Visitors and newcomers beg for recipes that have passed from generation to generation of Mennonite housewives without being printed in a cookbook. Everyone who tastes *schnitz un knepp*, crusty golden *pannhaas* and luscious shoofly pie wants to know how to prepare them.

Economy and experience are the keynotes of Mennonite cooking. Recipes are invented to make use of everything that is grown on Waterloo County farms. Fruits are canned and pickled and made into juicy pies. Beef and ham are cured with maple smoke; pork scraps become well-seasoned sausages. Sour milk is made into cheeses; sour cream is used in fat cakes and salads. Stale bread is crumbled and browned with butter to give zest to vegetables, noodles and dumplings. Nothing is ever wasted and every meal is a feast.

"Today it gives drepsley soup, dandelion salad and *fetschpatze* (fat sparrows)," Bevvy tells me as she puts on a clean print apron, tying it first in front to be sure the bow is even, then pulling it round and patting it over her stomach. I sit in the rocker by the kitchen window while she bustles between the sink, the stove and the big square table covered with bright figured oilcloth. "You don't mind if I keep on working while we visit," she says. "The curds are getting that smell I don't like round the house and I have to quick make my *hauf kase* (crock cheese)."

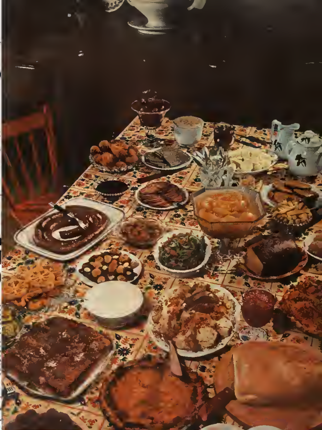
She melts butter in a graniteware kettle and into it pours sour-milk curds which have been scalded, crumbled and ripened for three or four days. She stirs the mass till it melts to the color of honey, adds cream and keeps stirring till it comes to a boil that goes pool. Then pours it into a crock and sets it away in the pantry. "Do you want to lick the dish?" She

Continued on page 60

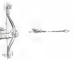


KEY TO A FEAST

1 *Schwaudumawge* sausage 2 A bowl of black walnuts 3 Shoofly pie 4 Butter 5 Bread and butter pickles 6 Coffeecake 7 Home baked bread 8 Crisp waffles or rosettes 9 *Schmier kase* (white creamy cheese) 10 *Schnitz un knepp* with boiled ha (apples and buttons, really dumplings) 11 Cherr jam 12 Dutch apple pie (or *schnitz* pie) 13 Pork sausage 14 *Lab kuchen* (fruit and nut cookies) 15 Cucumber relish 16 Bean salad with sour cream sauce and baby beets 17 Sour cream loaf cake 18 *Bolle kase* (ball cheese) 19 *Latwaricky* (apple butter) 20 Summer sausage 21 Canned peaches 22 Baby pickled corn 23 *Fetschpatze* (sort of a doughnut served piping hot) 24 Head cheese 25 Boiled potatoes 26 Spice cookies 27 Pickle beets 28 *Hafe kase* with *kummel* (crock cheese with caraway seeds) 29 Maple syrup



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON



THIS IS THE STORY OF LUCRETIUS PLIMSLEIGH,

THE BUTLER TO THE EARL EGGSFORD,

JILTED BY HIS INTENDED,

MISS PHOEBE CREW BECAUSE HE WAS A MAN IN SERVICE

NETTLED, HE SOUGHT HIS FORTUNE IN THE WILD WEST,

HOME OF THE SALINAS

FORMER SHERIFF RAFE KINCAID

AND MISS ELLEN BISHOP,

LOCAL SCHOOL MARM A LESSER MAN WOULD HAVE FLINCHED WHEN THE BLACK McGINTY GANG RODE INTO TOWN,

BUT NOT PLIMSLEIGH—FOR THEY'D JUST MADE HIM

THE SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW

By JACOB HAY Illustrated by Duncan Macpherson

"NO LUCRETIUS," Miss Phoebe Crew, proprietress of Miss Crew's Millinery, spoke gently but firmly to the manly figure seated opposite her, a cup of tea balanced neatly on his knee, in the parlor of her flat over her place of business. "My mind is made up. I cannot marry you."

"Now, Phoebe . . ."

"It is no use, Lucretius. I could not bring myself to marry a man in service. Look at you! A fine, handsome, spirited man with all your life before you, and how will you spend it? Will it always be 'Plimsleigh, serve tea,' or 'Plimsleigh, fetch me The Times'?"

"Phoebe—"

"No."

"Very well, then." Plimsleigh, fifth generation of his family to serve the Earls of Eggsford, arose and placed his teacup on the table beside him, his face inscrutable. "I will trouble you for my hat and bid you a good day, Miss Crew. But you will hear from me and will, I trust, have reason to revise your present decision." And bowing formally, he took his leave.

Oddo, fifth Earl Eggsford, would have been stunned had he been able to peer inside his butler's mind at that moment, stunned and alarmed, for here was a Plimsleigh who, had he lived five generations before and things had been ordered only slightly differently, might well have overthrown the House of Eggsford.

The trouble was, Plimsleigh reflected as he walked slowly down the High Street of Eggsford Parva, the Queen ever since the Crimean thing, when he'd been a mewling infant, she'd kept England peaceful, and a man of humble station stood no chance of rising to fame and glory in a war if there were no wars to fight. Besides which, almost everything worth inventing had been invented, except a really decent silver polish, and there was no getting around the fact that, as he was the first to concede, he lacked the inventive turn of mind. All he knew was the exquisite art of the butler.

But what was it that fat chap from Birmingham had said when he visited Eggsford Manor last year? "Plimsleigh, with your manners you'd make a damned fine commercial traveler, by Godfrey!" Of course, the fat man had been in trade, but on the other hand he was reliably reported to be worth a million pounds and a man worth a million pounds was surely worth heeding.

Oddo, Earl Eggsford, took the news hard.

"You know what happens to people who go out to America to seek their fortunes, Plimsleigh. They get scalped. Consider the sad case of my younger son, the Hon. Giles Edgar Frederick William Huckhead . . ." The Earl gnawed his mustaches and his eyes were dim with sorrow.

"A fine lad, m'lord," Plimsleigh sighed. "He is much missed."

"Last seen in some God-forsaken village named St. Louis, and that was three years ago. Since then, nothing."

Exactly thirty-three days later, Plimsleigh walked from the splendidly dignified premises of Threep and Bickhammer, By Appointment Gunsmiths to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Oxford Street, London. His expression was one of discreet pleasure. It was as Mr. Threep had so lucidly expressed it, a glorious opportunity for a young man willing to travel and incur a few, a very few inconveniences.

It was as well that Plimsleigh did not observe the twisted smile on Ephraim Threep's face as that proud old craftsman watched his newest representative depart upon his way. In the wickerwork basket beside Threep's desk reposed the crumpled letter from Her Britannic Majesty's consul at San Francisco, advising Messrs. Threep & Bickhammer of the untimely death of their agent, a Mr. Todhunter, at the hands of a nameless ruffian in the village of Bent Head, N.D. "Burial was private," the consul's letter concluded solemnly.

SIXTY DAYS LATER, with the calm of a True Briton in a Tight Spot, Plimsleigh removed his bowler, blew a cloud of yellow trail dust from its beautifully proportioned crown and then, with a frown of distaste, carefully removed the arrow which had transfixed it just above the level of his neatly combed hair.

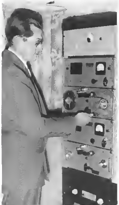
"Just some damn fool Injun kid funnin'," a hoarse voice bawled in his ear. "Don't let it worry you none, stranger. So long's the U. S. Cavalry's close by, them Injuns'll keep nice and

Continued on page 41

Where even the kids are disc jockeys

Anybody can run CFYK in Yellowknife—and practically everybody does. There's no permanent staff—nobody gets paid and, best of all—there are no commercials

BY ROBERT COLLINS



◀ If Ralph Murray dislikes a record he plays it until listeners demand he break it.

Donna McDonnell, who is 14, broadcasts favorite records picked by Patsy Maskie.

Part time announcer Shirley Trembley is a stenographer in Department of Transport.

Fifteen year old Ralph Moyle dreams of being an engineer during his turntable trick.

FOUR YEARS ago Kenneth Kidder, overseer of a small gold-mining property near Yellowknife in the Northwest Territories, noticed that the mine's caretaker, elderly Sam Dagle, was using a new set of radio batteries nearly every week. Since batteries normally last several months Kidder was intrigued. He drove to the mine and found Dagle chopping wood outside his shack, listening intently to a radio booming from within.

"No wonder you use so many batteries, Sam," said Kidder. "Your radio's on full blast. Is it like that very often?"

"Sure," said Dagle. "I leave it like that all day so I can listen to CFYK while I'm working out here. I don't want to miss anything."

To most of Yellowknife's three thousand people, Dagle's listening habits seem perfectly justified. When CFYK, the Voice of the Golden North, is on the air nobody wants to miss a broadcast.

That isn't because Yellowknife's four-year-old community radio station provides the finest in radio listening. It's a station that anyone can run and almost everyone does. Its programs are amateurish; its voices range from childish falsetto to middle-aged monotone; its staff is untrained, unpaid and unpredictable. But this is often the only station Yellowknife hears and it's nearly always the most entertaining. The joy in listening to CFYK is that no one—least of all the staff—knows what will happen next.

There was the December day in 1951, for example, when CFYK transmitted the first Yellowknife meeting of the Northwest Territories council, relayed to the studio by telephone from the local theatre. In the midst of this broadcast a telephone operator crossed the wires and two Yellowknife housewives came on the air swapping recipes.

One evening not long after, volunteer disc jockey Ralph Murray, a Department of Transport radio technician by day, received his eleventh straight listener request for Mocking Bird Hill. Murray loathed the record so he announced that he would play the request continuously until somebody begged him to break it. Patti Page chanted through Mocking Bird Hill eight times before a listener phoned in: "Smash it." Gratefully Murray did.

And there was the Sunday night last year when volunteer announcer-operator Fred C. Humphreys, a young employee of the Department of Resources and Development, dropped into the studio for his weekly stint. He gave the station call letters at 9.30 p.m., switched on a remote control line for a half-hour religious program from the Yellowknife Bethel Mission and settled back to await his own ten o'clock disc jockey show. As the Bethel choir began its opening hymn, music-lover Humphreys whistled merrily along, unaware that the studio microphone was still on. He was puckering his lips for the second verse when his wife phoned in and said, "The choir can manage without you."

Episodes like these crop up with delightful regularity. In its early months CFYK published program schedules in the local weekly newspaper but soon gave up because announcers never adhered to them.

CFYK is one of six noncommercial stations in the Canadian north set up as a community service under the Department of National Defence with the approval of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Other stations are at Dawson City and Whitehorse, Yukon, Aklavik and Hay River, N.W.T., and Churchill, Man. Basic equipment and technical knowledge is supplied free by the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. Volunteer broadcasting personnel is provided by the town.

Yellowknife's station, thirteen forty on the dial and licensed for one hundred watts, seldom reaches beyond the town's immediate area but freak reception has been reported at Seattle, Wash., New Westminster, B.C., Calgary and Lethbridge, Alta., and Alaska. It broadcasts a mixture of CBC programs monitored daily from CBX, Edmonton, over a receiver station near town, and local shows produced spasmodically.

CFYK took shape in 1949 when a few Yellowknife citizens led by Dr. J. D. Bateman, a geologist, tired of the community's freak radio reception. In the winter Yellowknife listeners can hear Edmonton, six hundred and thirty-five air miles south, and usually other outlying stations as well. But often in the summer the average radio set won't even receive Edmonton.

A group of Edmonton businessmen held the franchise for a commercial broadcasting station in Yellowknife but abandoned it in 1949, apparently considering it unprofitable. Dr. Bateman negotiated with Ottawa and obtained permission to set up a community station. On Jan. 12, 1950, a few radio enthusiasts met in a Yellowknife schoolroom and elected a governing committee with Bateman, who's no longer in Yellowknife, as chairman. They ran a slogan contest and received twenty-five entries, ranging from "Where the Aurora Roars" and "The Voice of the Yellow Metal" to a small girl's "This Is Station CFYK, The Only Station So Far Away." The committee chose accountant F. V. R. Merritt's "The Voice of the Golden North."

On Feb. 19, 1950, CFYK officially began

Continued on page 34

Baghdad on the Danforth — a glittering strip that attracts people thousands of miles to kick the tires of five million dollars worth of used cars

The Used-Car Kings of the Dazzling Danforth

There are more cars per mile on Toronto's neon-splattered Danforth Avenue than anywhere else in Canada. Sixty dealers make forty thousand sales a year, including an occasional 'stove' or 'Holstein'

By FRANK CROFT PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL TETLOW

THE DANFORTH (to whose inhabitants the definite article is as essential a badge of class as the "the" in The Mall or the "el" in El Prado) is an avenue about four miles long running through the east end of Toronto. To the startled visitor its glittering lights, waving banners and brightly colored pillars and pylons give it the appearance of a midway or headquarters for an old home week. But the Danforth's gunk and glitter pay honor to something more prosaic — the second-, third- or even fourth-hand automobile.

The Danforth is Canada's largest and brightest used-car market. Its acres of vacant space are covered with brightly polished cars on sixty different lots ranging from two-hundred-foot expanses to corner strips of only a few feet of frontage. More than four thousand cars worth nearly five million dollars are on sale there at any given time. All of them stand in ordered ranks from the sidewalk edge to the rear of the lots, seventy-five to a hundred feet back. Moving slowly through the rows of cars are hordes of buyers, slamming doors, kicking tires, peering at speedometer readings with unconcealed and well-justified scepticism and gazing under hoods at motors which could probably tell much but are exasperatingly dumb. And the buyers buy. More than forty thousand cars a year are sold on the Danforth for a total turnover of about forty-five million dollars. From under the glow of the Danforth's multi-colored wattage a buyer drives away every five minutes of a twelve-hour day, every day in the week. Between two and five o'clock on some Saturday afternoons, the peak buying hours of the week, an estimated twelve hundred cars are sold.

The Danforth's pre-eminence is not difficult to explain. As the centre of a huge consumer market which is also close to the source of supply, Toronto offers the lowest used-car prices in Canada. Although dealers elsewhere in the city dispute it, Danforth dealers claim their heavy turnovers enable them to undersell dealers elsewhere in Toronto. In prewar days there were fewer than twenty dealers on the street. Then its potentialities seemed to be recognized all at once by a lot of people. The two acres on which two of the street's larger dealers, Stoney's Car Market Ltd. and Ted Davy Ltd., are doing business side by side were priced at twenty thousand dollars in 1940. Two years ago Davy refused six hundred thousand for his lot alone. The average lot east of Pape Avenue, which intersects the Danforth at its first mile, was priced at fifty dollars a foot in the early Forties. Now you'd have to go at least three miles beyond that point to get land for fifteen hundred dollars a foot. Early this year Pat McSweeny sold a hundred and fifty-six feet of street frontage to Jack Leonard for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. For more than ten years vacant land has been worth more on the Danforth than land occupied by buildings. In that time a dairy, an animal hospital, a dry-cleaning plant, two apartment buildings and two houses have been bought up and demolished to make way for used-car lots.

Although the Danforth has all the atmosphere of a big county fair, it is no one-night stand. Max Weyler, one of the street's bigger dealers, says, "We don't do business in tents." Most Danforth dealers have well-built office buildings of from half a dozen to twenty rooms. They are usually located at the backs of the lots. Many are air-conditioned and elaborately furnished. On the owners' mahogany desks are silver-framed portraits, hand-tooled leather desk sets and Swedish glass ash trays, just as there are on the desks of railroad presidents and investment dealers. Even the smallest dealers go in heavily for neon and floodlighting.

Franchised new-car dealers, who always have plenty of trade-ins to sell, long ago awoke to the value of a stand on the Danforth. Half a dozen have established branch sales depots on the street with emphasis on their used cars. A visitor along the Danforth is surprised at the number of restaurants, especially small coffee bars and grills. They have sprung up to take care of the street's transient population, in town for a few hours from twenty or two thousand miles out to pick up a car on the Danforth. About sixty percent of the buyers are from other parts of Canada. Danforth dealers are never surprised to hear a customer give his address as Glace Bay, Revelstoke or Whitehorse. An RCAF man bought a used car on the Danforth not long ago. He is stationed in Labrador. He keeps the car in Quebec City and flies down to drive it when on leave.

A few months ago Ben Smith, a Danforth salesman, received a letter from a Dublin man containing a draft for a thousand dollars on a Toronto bank. The writer wanted Smith to pick out a car for him at that price and store it until he arrived in Canada. A couple of months later the Dubliner picked up his car and drove to his new job at Chalk River, Ont. "He had been reading some Toronto papers before coming out here," Smith explains. "He saw that ads by Danforth dealers outspaced all others and just happened to pick our firm out of the bunch."

The least persuasive salesman on the Danforth can't help making four thousand dollars a year and the hustlers earn from ten thousand up. One of them, Ed Law, is a race-horse owner, a hobby which, as they would say on the Danforth, is not for grocery clerks. Several of his colleagues go to the Bahamas for a few weeks in the winter.

But selling on the Danforth is a grueling job. Salesmen work a seventy-hour week — twelve hours a day Monday to Friday and ten on Saturday, with one day off a week. Most of them are drifters. One dealer thinks this is not because of a basic character weakness but because, even though working conditions are pretty much the same all along the street, there is the hope that life on the next lot may be a little easier. One man, Charlie Yates, suddenly left the Danforth for good.

Continued on page 38

Phil Spivak (above) and brother Stoney gross five million annually with six lots.

Ted Davy started with two heaps in 1941 and now he's a millionaire in his thirties.

Mosen Stiles and Gar Hamilton — their salesmen can make ten thousand dollars a year

Mary Jane Southam and Phyllis Otty at work with a class of retarded children in Toronto. Parents report that the pupils come home happier and more sociable

WHO SAYS THEY'VE GOT NO CHANCE?

Educationists said retarded children couldn't be taught, so six years ago seventy Toronto parents got together to prove them wrong. They founded an experimental school that has since confounded the experts and has inspired other cities to tackle this heart-rending social problem

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By DOROTHY SANGSTER

ON A COLD November evening in Toronto six years ago seventy worried fathers and mothers finished supper early and hurried to meet in a basement room in Carlton Street United Church.

There were young and middle-aged parents in the group, well-dressed and not-so-well dressed, people of obviously different social and economic position. Some smiled and managed a few words of conversation with those around them; others sat withdrawn and silent. Except for the unusually high percentage of fathers, they might have been any home-and-school club gathered to meet with their children's teachers and plan for the school year.

But these fathers and mothers belonged to no home-and-school club for, although they paid taxes and had children of school age, their children attended no schools. No educational authorities had called them together for none was interested in their problem.

They were there because they had one heartbreaking thing in common: each was shouldering the terrible burden of having brought into the world a mentally retarded child.

The term "mentally retarded" is a loose one, lumping together all the degrees of mental deficiency below the IQ (intelligence quotient) of seventy which scientifically categorizes a person as "dull normal." Between one and two percent of all Canadians fall into this general group.

As the fathers and mothers who met that night in 1948 could testify, mentally retarded children are found in every race, class and creed. Their backgrounds are good and bad, their bodies strong and weak, their homes in cities and on farms. Many have parents and brothers and sisters of above-average mentality.

Wherever they are born, tragedy follows in their wake.

Dr. William Hawke, chief psychiatrist at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, who has examined hundreds of such children, once confided that he would rather tell parents their child had fatal leukemia than break the news to them that he was mentally deficient.

"A death in the family is softened and eased as the years go by," he explained. "But the birth of a seriously retarded infant can be a life sentence of misery to a couple. It can break their hearts, empty their pocketbooks and wreck their lives."

Doctors recognize two different origins of mental deficiency. In the first, for some unknown reason a child is born with a brain that just never develops properly. In the second, the brain develops normally, but then something (known or unknown) happens to injure it.

Group No. 1 includes, among others, mongoloids (children with thick bodies, slanted eyes and Asiatic features), microcephalics (children with tiny heads and inadequately developed brains) and hydrocephalics (children with abnormally large heads due to fluid absorption). Some physicians believe heredity may have something to do with the children in this group; other medical men, noting the high frequency of mongoloid children as the first-born of extremely young parents, or the last born of ageing parents, suspect some sort of glandular imbalance in the mother.

Children in Group No. 2 may have been exposed to an infection before birth.

Continued on page 63

Action—and only a movie camera can get it all

Best we can do here is "stop" the action. But with your Brownie Movie Camera, *you* can capture your youngsters in *moving* pictures . . . with *all* the action, *all* the color, *all* the reality of life itself!

Cost? A single roll of 8mm color film costs only $5.20 *including processing* . . . makes 30 to 40 average-length scenes! *Ease?* With the Brownie Movie Camera, home movies are simple as snapshots. But get the whole story for yourself from your Kodak dealer.

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Kodak

T1 SHORT
T4 SLIP
A MARE USQUE AD MARE

Duncan Macpherson

DEDUCT THE LESSER OF THE TWO

At this time of year the suffering income-tax men have to face up to the job of untangling the affairs of this bucolic Boswell who can't remember anything

By Robert Thomas Allen

EVERY SPRING I get a polite little note from the Income Tax Division saying:

"Dear Mr Allen: Would you please drop in at your earliest convenience to Floor Eighteen, Room 358, Department A, and ask for Mr Ball?"

If Mr Ball and I don't come to a better understanding soon I'm going to get picked up one of these days by the RCMP and Mr Ball will be to blame solely because of his determination to stuff me into handy little psychological holes and scrape off my overhanging edges with a sharp pastry knife called "Subsection A38, paragraph 32, regarding business deductions for writers with dependents and/or making over seven hundred dollars a year."

Mr Ball will point to where I've claimed part of my household expenses as office rent and say, "Well, let's go at it this way, Mr Allen. Just how much would you pay for electricity in a year?"

I start to laugh, thinking he's joking. I see he isn't. I sit there blushing, looking at him like a new bride. About all I do with electric bills is stuff them behind the icebox and pay them when the notices start changing color. Not only that, the more Mr Ball looks at me the less I can remember. I try to picture what my electric bills look like. I panic. I try to remember the size of my hat.

"Welp," I finally say, shaking my head and frowning at a little ink stain on Mr Ball's blotter. "It's a fair amount. Forty-five—no, lessee—a hundred and—no, that's what I paid for my *washing machine*."

Mr Ball, who is so used to dealing with men who would scoop up this question like a National League shortstop and say, "Sixty-nine dollars and thirty-seven cents, not counting stamps," thinks I'm cracking up. He's right, too, but not the way he thinks. Once when I was twelve I stood on a Sunday-school concert stage for fifteen minutes in absolute silence trying to remember something while the audience nearly swooned with embarrassment and they had to carry my mother out sobbing. Even among people who I know aren't going to arrest me I sometimes spend a whole evening smiling and nodding and not able to think of a thing to say except that Pelee Island is farther south than the northern border of California.

But my expression for trying to remember the amount of an electric bill is about the same as the one used for concealing ten thousand dollars' worth of silver-fox furs.

"Don't you *know*, Mr Allen?" Mr Ball says, delicately touching my income tax form with a needle-sharp pencil.

"Not to the cent," I say.

Now that Mr Ball has got me started, although I can't remember anything about my electric bill, I can't get my mind on anything else, and I'm still at it when Mr Ball has shifted to my car expenses.

"You've claimed seventy-five percent of your car expenses," he says, "or seven hundred and fifty dollars, as a business expense."

I nod, happy that he's left me alone with my electric bill.

"Do you mean then that if it weren't for business use, you could drive your car for two hundred and fifty dollars a year?"

I nod, still smiling.

"Then how do you account for claiming three hundred dollars for depreciation alone?"

I make a note to look this up in my algebra book when I get home, while Mr Ball draws a line through everything, mutters something about getting the personal element out of my figures and says, "I'll allow you an eighth."

Mr Ball always allows me an eighth, which is better than being handcuffed.

Still, I can't help feeling a bit bitter when all year I've been filling lunch-counter serviettes with calculations and reading up old schoolbooks on dividing by fractions, trying to do everything the Income Tax Division wants me to.

For instance, getting the personal element out of everything. I try to calculate how much my car is carrying me to see an editor and how much is carrying my wife downtown to pick up a pair of comfortable shoes.

I try to get the personal element out of gasoline, tram fares and light lunches. Often when I'm just about to sink my teeth into a piece of cherry pie while I'm waiting for a train on a business trip I think, "Well, by God, this is one thing that's going down as a business expense." I bare my teeth, then stop with my mouth half open as if I am showing my dentist a cavity, and think, "But you can't help admitting there's a personal element in this. After all, you *like* cherry pie." I take out the pad I'm using to keep track of my expenses, rub out fifteen cents, go to bite the pie again, change my mind, put down my fork and write in seven and a half cents, take the bite and sit there slowly chewing and debating the problem like a Renaissance scholar pondering the attributes of minute substance.

The trouble is, of course, Mr Ball's idea of a taxpayer is a stout, booming-voiced worldly-wise man smoking a cigar, patting his stomach and chuckling away as he gathers up the luncheon checks and saying, "Forget it, boys, it would only put me in a higher bracket." But lots of people not only don't chuckle about their income tax, they can't even figure it out, and the Income Tax Division might keep this in mind the next time they try allowing somebody an eighth of something just because they're blushing. ★

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The superbly luxurious interiors of the 1954 Monarch are a fitting complement to the longer, slimmer, more beautiful exterior styling. The soft, firmly sprung foam-rubber seats are upholstered in attractive modern weaves, in lustrous vinyls and gleaming leather. Decorator planned trim combinations are ultra modern in their sleek, functional design, blending perfectly with the contemporary look of Monarch's distinctive new instrument panel. The finer quality construction of Monarch's interiors means luxurious comfort and quiet riding at all speeds.

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161-Hp. OVERHEAD-VALVE

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Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED
BY CLYDE GILMOUR

Shady lady Gloria Grahame snuggles with copper Ford in The Big Heat.

THE BIG HEAT: One of the best in Hollywood's current spate of realistic crime dramas. Among the principals are an honest policeman (Glenn Ford), a good-hearted shady lady (Gloria Grahame) and a gangster (Lee Marvin) who tortures his girl friends.

THE FALL OF BERLIN: A 1949 Russian war film now making the rounds here. It offers an all-wise, all-gentle Stalin, a grass-head like Churchill, an absurd boy-meets-girlski love story and some magnificent battle scenes.

HONDO: Not as good as Shane, which it resembles, but still a better than average western — in the best 3-D yet exhibited. Frontier gunman John Wayne, bonny farm wife Geraldine Page and a passel of Apaches are brought together by Fate.

MADE IN HEAVEN: A seductive Hungarian housemaid (Sonja Ziemann) wreaks havoc in an English family in this genial but rather heavy-handed comedy from Britain.

THE MAN BETWEEN: East verses West intrigue in divided Berlin is the background for director Carol Reed's new picture starring James Mason as a cryptic German who's furtively working for the Russians. Claire Bloom is a sheltered English girl who falls in love with him. Not as fascinating as The Third Man, but with enough of Reed's sorcery to make it well worth seeing.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON: Rita Hayworth, who seems intent on whitewashing all the bad girls in literature, appears this time as Somerset Maugham's tropical slattern, with Jose Ferrer as the pious reformer who becomes ensnared by her. Not for me, thanks.

THE SINNER: Another sexy number though not nearly so spicy as the ballyhoo surrounding it. I find it a dullish German melodrama (with dubbed-in English dialogue) starring Hildegarde Neff as a gal of easy virtue, in love with a blind artist.

Gilmour Rates

The Actress: Comedy. Excellent.
The All-American: Campus drama. Fair.
All I Desire: Drama. Fair.
All the Brothers Were Valiant: Drama ashore and afloat. Fair.
Back to God's Country: Outdoor meller-drammer. Poor.
The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.
The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good.
Blueprint for Murder: Mystery. Good.
Botany Bay: Sea drama. Fair.
Breakdown: Boxing drama. Fair.
Calamity Jane: Musical western. Poor.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
Conquest of Everest: Actuality drama of mountain climbers. Excellent.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.
A Day to Remember: Comedy. Fair.
Devil's Canyon: 3-D jail. Fair.
Escape from Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Injuns. Good.
Folly To Be Wise: Comedy. Fair.
From Here to Eternity: Army camp drama. Excellent.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.
Grand Concert: Russian musical. Good.
Great Sioux Uprising: Western. Fair.
Half a Hero: Domestic comedy. Good.
Here Come the Girls: Comedy. Fair.
How to Marry a Millionaire: Romantic comedy in CinemaScope. Good.
Inferno: 3-D desert drama. Fair.
Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.
I, the Jury: Whodunit. Poor.
It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent.
Jack Slade: Western. Poor.
The Juggler: Drama. Excellent.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
Kiss Me Kate: Musical. Good.
Latin Lovers: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
A Lion Is in the Streets: Drama. Fair.
Little Boy Lost: Drama. Good.
Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.
Martin Luther: Drama. Good.
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent.
Money From Home: Martin and Lewis comedy. Fair.
The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.
The Moonlighter: Western. Poor.
Phantom From Space: Fantasy. Poor.
Remains to Be Seen: Comedy. Fair.
Return to Paradise: Comedy-drama on tropic isle. Good.
The Robe: CinemaScope epic. Good.
Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.
The Sea Around Us: Actuality. Fair.
Shane: Western. Excellent.
So Big: Mother-love drama. Fair.
Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.
The Sun Shines Bright: Drama. Poor.
Sword and the Rose: Drama. Fair.
Those Redheads From Seattle: Yukon drama plus music. Fair.
Thunder Bay: Oil drama. Fair.
Torch Song: Musical drama. Good.
Trouble in Store: Comedy. Fair.
Vice Squad: Police drama. Good.
Vicki: Murder melodrama. Fair.
Walking My Baby Back Home: Comedy and music. Poor.
Wild One: Drama. Fair for adults.
Wings of the Hawk: Western. Fair.

THAT'S YOU UP THERE

where the
living's good!

That's YOU elevated to the world's best living by the proven brands of products that never let you down—and for a very down-to-earth reason each manufacturer has to live up to the highest standard set by his competitors. His product *has* to be good to survive—it's as simple as that. So if he changes it at all, you can be sure he's aiming at something better.

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WANT CONFIDENCE? PATRONIZE THE DEALER WHO PROVIDES YOUR FAVORITE BRANDS

Where Even the Kids Are Disc Jockeys

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

broadcasting. Typically nobody knew what the inaugural broadcast would be until the last minute. A scheduled visit by Dr. H. L. Keenleyside, then deputy minister of Mines and Technical Surveys, was cancelled. Luckily a blizzard grounded a plane load of Defence Research Board dignitaries. CFYK's one-room basement studio wouldn't accommodate a crowd so the broadcasting committee herded the surprised Ottawa men into a schoolroom and put them on the air via a telephone hookup. The storm kept telephone wires down between school and studio until three minutes before broadcast time.

Since then CFYK has expanded. It now broadcasts from *two* basement rooms donated rent free by the Department of Resources and Development, with a noisy furnace outside the studio doors, footsteps echoing from the floor above and a couple of hot water pipes dangling from the ceiling. The main studio, fourteen feet square, holds a piano, three microphones and is lined with wallboard. The wallboard is CFYK's answer to the water pipes which sometimes "ping" when a pianist or vocalist hits a high note. The control room, eight feet by fourteen feet, has twenty-five hundred filed and indexed records, a tape recorder supplied by CBC, a microphone and a horseshoe desk with a homemade console or control board.

This setup is operated by an eight-member unpaid broadcasting committee elected by ballot at a public meeting each February and including a president, vice-president, treasurer and program manager. Yellowknife provides an annual one-thousand-dollar grant to which local clubs and firms add donations. It all goes toward new records, better equipment and studio improvements. None is spent on announcers. They're all volunteers, coaxed to the studio by the broadcasting committee.

At one time or another most of Yellowknife has been on the air. Bankers, barbers, housewives, miners, schoolteachers, nurses, accountants, taxi drivers, Mounties—even school kids—all double as CFYK announcers.

For several months Peter Boyce, a refund hoist operator at a gold mine, opened the station every weekday at 6.30 a.m. with records, time and temperature reports. He then plugged in the CBC [illegible], ran for his bus, worked a full shift, returned at 4.30 and played music until suppertime. Finally the novelty of radio wore off and Boyce confined his efforts to mining and, later, bartending.

Last winter the staff included civil servant Fred Humphreys, mine employees James Duckworth and James McDonald, Shirley Tremblay, a brunette stenographer with the Department of Resources and Development, T. A. Throadson, a meteorologist, and several teen-agers including blond sixteen-year-old Patsy Markh, lanky Ralph Meyle, son of a Yellowknife liquor vendor, Larry Phinney, a serious youth of seventeen, and Joe Ellin, a sixteen-year-old with a fine baritone.

Occasionally There's Dead Air

Some of the recruits are passable announcers and one CFYK graduate even went on to professional radio. Donald C. Brinton, now twenty-six and radio director of the Alberta Federation of Agriculture, worked in Yellowknife for the Department of Agriculture during the summer of 1950. He ran a weekly farm and gardening program and a night disc jockey show over CFYK. This experience, his first in radio, landed him the present job.

Few other CFYK staffers are likely to go that far. Housewives tend their knitting, teen-agers do their homework and small boys read the funnies during idle moments in broadcasts. Some disc jockeys announce a recording and then leisurely place it on the turntable, leaving a long uncomfortable moment of "dead air" before each piece. Others brush the turntable switch with their knees, causing records to groan to a halt halfway through the number. Almost all announcers stumble through club announcements and other public-service notices with the first halting voices of a first-grade reading class. Not a single one of them, however, afflicts the listener with that inescapable byproduct of radio—commercials. There are no commercials at CFYK except when an occasional CBC show comes in.

Yellowknife is used to untrained announcers and often, as in the case of Wally Brink, they're more fun than slick-voiced professionals. Brink, a middle-aged prospector and mining promoter, went to Yellowknife from the bush one winter to pass a few months driving a night taxi. Every morning after work he hurried to CFYK to present a program for tired housewives, featuring Brink's rumbling chatty mutilation of the English language and his thermos of coffee. He played square dances by the hour, urging mythical parties of housewives to dance around the studio. Sometimes Brink called a square dance for them, shouting the classic instructions.

One day he organized and coached an imaginary bridge game, explaining at one point, "Now, ma'am, you should finesse your queen ..." From time to time he tilted his thermos with an audible gurgle and invited, "Let's all sit down for coffee, ladies." The ladies loved it and Brink had so much fun himself that he rarely plugged in the scheduled CBC morning programs. If a CFYK program director took him to task Brink said evasively, "Couldn't get CBC this morning. Bad reception." Once asked why he hadn't tuned in the CBC Kindergarten of the Air, Brink replied, "Why, there's no use playin' that stuff at 10.30 in the morning. All the kids are in school by then."

He didn't neglect the children, though. On Saturday mornings as "Uncle Wally" he played nursery story recordings, each one preceded by his own rumbling resume. It was a sorry day for the listeners when Brink drifted back to the bush. Often there is a shortage of colorful CFYK performers. Since there's no pay for anyone the initial novelty of broadcasting soon wears off. Then too, Yellowknife's gold mining population fluctuates constantly and promising announcers often move away. CFYK can't estimate next week's staff any more than it can forecast next week's program.

When local programs are down to a few disc jockey shows, as sometimes happens, there is always the CBC. CFYK always carries such CBC shows as Stage 54, NHL hockey, Wayne and Shuster, all national news bulletins and, sometimes, CBC Wednesday Night, of which last year's program manager Ralph Murray says, "A noisy few like it, a disgruntled majority don't."

But when local programs are at their best the majority of listeners are always happy for they hear a lively sprinkling of sports, religion, talent shows, on-the-spot broadcasts, planned programs and unplanned errors. Even children get into the act. Jimmy Anderson, a red-cheeked schoolboy with a piping voice, was only nine when he and his father, a local hardware clerk, ran a children's record show for a year.

Then for two years Jimmy did it alone almost every week. Once he couldn't find the studio keys so CFYK's announcer went home crying. Jimmy provided his own records and also brought his own comic books. Sometimes he became so absorbed in the comics that records ended and scratched for minutes before he remembered to change them. In other spare moments Jimmy doodled with the dials. After his program someone invariably had to tighten up the knobs on the control panel.

This spring the Yellowknife drama club presented a series of radio plays. In 1953 when Governor-General Vincent Massey visited Yellowknife a team of CFYK reporters tape recorded

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

Last year thousands of first-time investors were served by James Richardson & Sons

Who were these people? They were men and women from every walk of life—people like yourself and your neighbour. Some had a large amount to invest—others a modest sum. BUT THEY ALL HAD ONE THING IN COMMON. They had never bought stocks or bonds before. At James Richardson & Sons we welcomed the opportunity of serving these people. As a result of long experience, we were able to answer their questions in language they could understand. And we were able to show them how their money could be put to work, not only for their own benefit, but in the development of Canada. If you are ready to invest—come in today and talk things over.

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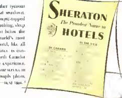
Where no one sleeps below Floor 13

When furniture magnates, wheat kings, and other tycoons visit bustling Chicago, they yearn for a letup at sundown. That's why Canadians so often choose the mosque-topped Chicago Sheraton. For here guests see all, hear nothing, sleep blissfully—because there isn't a single bedroom below the thirteenth floor. Towering above one of the world's most gilded shopping streets, Chicago's Sheraton Hotel, like all Sheraton Hotels in Canada and the United States, is conveniently located. And dining at the open-hearth Camelot Grill (or the Sheraton Lounge) is a memorable experience. The Chicago Sheraton is typical of Sheratons at your service in 21 cities. Reservations by fast free Teletype: simply phone your nearest Sheraton. Why not "go Sheraton"—next time?



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The **ALE** of a **MAN'S** dreams

A FAVOURITE DREAM these days is one that's as mellow and tangy, as zestful and satisfying as the ale used to be — the hearty kind of ale our fathers enjoyed. But why dream? Labatt's* India Pale Ale is yours for the asking — the answer to a MAN'S dreams. Have an I.P.A. today—enjoy this MAN'S drink at home or in your favourite hotel or tavern. John Labatt Limited

The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's

his appearance at the airport, Indian agency, schoolhouse, Canadian Legion and a banquet. This was later broadcast.

A year ago housewife Annette Fornak produced a weekly children's talent show which ran from fifteen minutes to three quarters of an hour depending on the supply of talent. The moppets sang, recited, did tap dances, played the piano or mouth organ and collected toys, candy and theatre tickets as prizes. This was a popular program since it featured most of the kids in town but the show folded when the Fornaks left Yellowknife.

Some of the most popular live shows have been conceived by Victor Searle, a millworker in his early forties. At one time he spent seven nights a week at the studio. On Tuesday he and housewife Betty Stevens ran Memory Lane. Searle chose old fashioned tunes which followed a theme, perhaps all Irish melodies or Gay Nineties tunes. He wrote a few lines of dialogue to link each one and as he read the script Mrs. Stevens played the numbers on the studio piano.

They Like Their Hockey

Sometimes Searle played rare recordings such as songs by Irish tenor John McCormack, taken from his own collection. Once he played the complete Die Fledermaus opera. One Christmas, after many careful rehearsals, Searle sang Adeste Fideles in Latin, although he neither reads nor speaks that language. He also originated a Christmas Day program which has become an annual feature. It opens and closes with a recording of cathedral chimes. A local minister reads the story of the nativity while Searle inserts at appropriate places such carols as Little Town of Bethlehem, We Three Kings of Orient and While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night.

Hockey broadcasts are a favorite in Yellowknife and one of the most colorful announcers was Frank (Ju Ju) Legere, a chunky young mine worker. Most people including Legere thought he was the best man for the job and when the broadcasting committee decided to give other aspiring sportcasters a tryout Legere circulated a petition of protest and gathered numerous signatures. The committee stood firm and Ju Ju eventually left town in disgust.

Once hockey clashed with religion. The latter has always been a hot CFYK issue. In the beginning the station carried a church program six nights a week representing every faith in town. Most listeners resented this policy because it eliminated their favorite CBC and CFYK evening programs. One night during an exciting hockey broadcast a scheduled church program cut in at 10 p.m. The minister had barely launched the opening prayer when the studio phone jangled and an angry hockey fan shouted irreverently, "Get that damn program off the air."

CFYK settled the problem by allotting one half hour of air time a week on Sundays or on weekday mornings to church organizations. Five groups are represented: Roman Catholic, Anglican, Baptist, Bethel Mission and Latter Day Saints.

For every local controversy that's settled something new crops up to harass the volunteer program manager. Once Radio Moscow spoke briefly over CFYK. A hasty investigation revealed that a couple of army signalmen had momentarily tuned in the propaganda via shortwave for a prank.

"It's louder and funnier than what we were getting on the CBC," they explained solemnly.

Housewife Florence Whyard will never forget Christmas Eve, 1950. CFYK planned a midnight Mass broadcast from the local Roman Catholic church but at 11.30 a priest phoned to say there was no equipment or announcer at the church and no one at the studio. Mrs. Whyard, who was production manager, feverishly phoned around town, got the show on the air and spent Christmas Day counting her grey hairs.

Nowadays for remote transmissions the station has special broadcast lines to the local arena, curling rink, public school, Baptist church, Bethel Mission and the movie theatre. Before the lines were installed everything went over telephone wires. Programs were frequently interrupted by the operator's "Number, please." The Bethel Mission was on the same party line as Cinesman's boarding house and every Sunday CFYK had to remind boarders not to use the phone and mix hot gossip in with the church broadcast. Even now CFYK studio is on a party line. Often at 10.30 or 11 p.m. the announcer interrupts a program with "Please do not phone in any more requests. The other people on our party line would like to go to sleep."

With miners, taxi drivers and other rugged outdoorsmen in its ranks, the station is always haunted by the possibility of strong language on the air. Last fall it successfully by passed one hazard. During an election campaign for seven seats on the town council, CFYK offered each candidate five minutes free air time.

One candidate was Dennis O'Callaghan, a wiry grocer with a mild Irish brogue and a weakness for profanity. O'Callaghan is known as the cussingest man in Yellowknife. He swears abundantly, fluently and often. To the disappointment of many listeners, O'Callaghan delivered his speech with the restraint of a Sunday school teacher. (In the election he ran twelfth in a field of thirteen.)

On election day CFYK had a technical breakdown and the studio was swamped with calls asking when polling results would be broadcast. Oddly the staff enjoyed this small furore. To the hardworking unrewarded volunteers it indicated that despite few compliments and little fan mail Yellowknife appreciates CFYK.

There is no doubt that people enjoy the entertainment anyway, particularly the impromptu kind. Like the day last fall when the CBC sent CFYK a collection of Claire Wallace broadcasts about Yellowknife. Program manager Ralph Murray ran them directly on one tape recording and presented them as a continuous broadcast, forgetting they were separate five-minute units, each with its own commercial. For more than an hour that night Yellowknife listened to Claire Wallace and some thirty rapid fire commercials.

And though it happened more than two years ago the town's still laughing over the day Major-General Hugh A. Young, then commissioner of the Northwest Territories, spoke over CFYK for the local home and school association. The guest finished his talk with a minute to spare and a clubwoman moved forward to thank him. But the teen-age operator, unaware of the thank-you plans, seized the nearest record to fill in that last gaping moment. Hot on the heels of the general's solemn address came a bouncy cowboy Champ Butler recording of Way Up In North Carolina.

Major-General Young and the home and school representative stood by patiently and heard the record out. They knew as everyone in Yellowknife knew that this was just another of the strange noises that issue from the Voice of the Golden North. ★

Let your Baker be your Menu-Maker!

● Baker's bread now builds up your menus with vital "protective" elements! Besides being deliciously tempting, each slice of baker's bread made with enriched flour adds to the family's intake of "The Big 3" B vitamins, plus iron. But baker's bread builds your menus with variety, too. A choice of whole wheat, rye, raisin and French bread puts your menu miles ahead!

● When you "eat out", you admire the tasty rolls the waiter brings, and you notice sometimes friend husband is ready to make a meal of them! So here's another way your baker can help make your menus more interesting! Order some of these treats for dinner tonight—hard rolls, Parker House, cloverleaf, etc. See how an ordinary menu is lifted by this touch of distinction.

● If you did nothing but bake, maybe you would turn out fascinating dessert treats like these. That's where your baker is great as your menu maker—*he does nothing but bake!* He's baking luscious fruit buns, Danish pastries, Swedish tea rings and English jellied doughnuts every day! Let your baker supply some of these goodies for dessert tonight.

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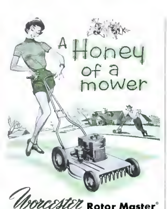
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Electric powered • Model 330E • 18" cut • 1/3 hp • 3450 rpm
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FREE! Write for Worcester folder on easier lawn care and facts and pictures of full Worcester line of power and hand lawn mowers.

WORCESTER LAWN MOWER COMPANY
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Spring is just the season for the NEW WORCESTER SWEEP MASTER!

Spring clean outside the house with Worcester Sweep Master! Whisks up winter debris in a wide 30" swath. Bassine brush gets each tiny twig, every last leaf! Light, strong steel frame and 10" semi-pneumatic tires give Sweep Master feather-push maneuverability. Generous 8½ bushel hopper basket of durable, mildew-resistant duck and hopper floor of galvanized steel are made to last. Sweep Master folds easily for hang-up storage.

In the Summer the Worcester Sweep Master clears loose grass and conditions lawn by brushing it up for healthier growth, neater appearance. In the Fall Worcester Sweep Master performs strong-man service by raking and gathering leaves in one simple operation.

In every season Sweep Master eliminates back-breaking lawn labor. Sweep Master turns chores into joys. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

The Used-Car Kings of the Dazzling Danforth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

two years ago and went to work on a bread wagon. "One week I had made a hundred and fifty dollars and the next week I was making fifty, which is all I have made in any week since," Yates says. "But I have a decent amount of time with my family now, and I feel better."

Salesmen are paid by commission only but they find that arrangement satisfactory. Most of them came to the Danforth lots from new-car dealers' show rooms in order to make more money.

The largest lot on the Danforth and therefore the largest used-car lot in Canada is Ted Davy's. Davy is a slim, six-foot, soft-spoken man who started his used-car selling career with a 1935 Pontiac and a 1933 Ford in a Queen Street alley in 1941. His office in those days was the back seat of the car he happened to be selling. A year later he moved up to the Danforth and started to grow.

In 1953 he did nearly two and a half million dollars' worth of business and he expects to pass three million this year. Davy now has his own finance company to handle time-payment sales, a twenty-two-room office building which raises its neat modern lines at the rear of his lot, and spends nine hundred dollars a month for electric lighting. "The used-car business seems to suit me," Davy drawls in classic understatement. "It's better than selling double-dip ice-cream cones any way," he adds, referring to one of his many pre-1941 excursions in salesmanship.

Davy's stature as a salesman was given an unusual form of recognition two years ago when a brand-new cream-colored Cadillac convertible was driven up to his door with the compliments of General Motors of Canada, provided he would give up the used-car business and take out a GM franchise for a Buick-Cadillac dealership. He turned the offer down but bought the convertible—wholesale, of course.

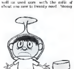
Davy, still in his middle thirties, is one of the youngest self-made millionaires in Canada. He flies his own Ryan Navion four-passenger plane, but not half as much as he would like to. He also owns a four-passenger Fleet Canuck equipped with floats for flying in lake country. He credits much of his success to lavish advertising. His display ads built around the slogan "Try Ted Davy" are familiar to all Toronto newspaper readers and his midnight-to-morning disc-jockey radio program catches a large percentage of the people of southern Ontario who are awake during those hours. The total advertising bill runs to about eighty thousand dollars a year.

Beside Davy's lot, and almost as large, is the equally famous Stoney's. When its second and third Toronto lots and one each in Hamilton, St. Catharines and Oakville are added to the Danforth headquarters, Stoney's becomes the largest used-car dealer in Canada. Last year the gross exceeded five million dollars. Stonewall (that's his name) Spivak is the founder. His brother Phil is now president but Stoney, the elder of the two, remains head of the firm without title. When still handling a stock which could be counted on the fingers of their four hands the Spivak brothers were advertising as "Stoney's—The Greatest Name in the Used Car Business." By reducing their personal standard of living to the minimum and parlaying every nickel into more stock and more space with which to display it, they soon had the name in lights twenty feet high and the slogan making a good deal more sense.

Gar Hamilton of Hamilton-Stahl, another big name on the street, thinks Stoney is one of the greatest promoters Canada has ever seen. "It didn't have to be cars," Hamilton says. "It just happened that way. It could have been real estate, insurance or a baseball team. Spivak would have been tops at any of them because he has the promoter's instinct."

Stoney Spivak's memory for detail is startling. He customarily has seven hundred and fifty cars on six lots in four cities and towns, and he knows every car as an individual. He gets a kick out of having the classified-ad men from the newspapers drop in for the daily order. Without looking out the window to the lot he will rattle off the make, year, model, color and price of fifty or more cars to be advertised that day.

Most Danforth dealers sell new as well as used cars, with the ratio of about one new to twenty used. Stoney claims to be the first to have tried this and he has been the most successful. He sells new cars at a discount on the list price, having bought them at wholesale, sometimes less than wholesale. Being able to cut the regular franchised new-car dealers' prices still gives him a profit and it is a powerful factor in bringing customers to the lot. Last year he sold a thousand new cars, far more than many a franchised dealer turns over. Stoney has no direct dealings with any manufacturer; he gets his new cars from franchised dealers who find themselves overloaded.



Stoney's pioneered the policy of refusing to handle any car which had been driven as a taxi, police car, fleet car or hire vehicle, no matter what its age or apparent condition. The company was stung only once. A minister drove a two-year-old Chevrolet onto the lot to trade on a new car. The Chev looked clean so the deal was made without too careful a check. But when the car got into the mechanic's hands at the Stoney garage he found that it was not equipped with the type of generator which is factory installed on that particular model. "He got suspicious right away," Phil relates. "It could only mean that the original generator had been replaced by one of the outsized kind they use for two-way radio like on a taxi or police car, so he checked further."

The mechanic found that such a radio had been used. He then scraped off enough of the paint to discover that the car was a Holstein—the name given to highway patrol cars of the Ontario Provincial Police because of their lurid black and white color jobs. "Well, we took the loss—sent it to the junk man," Phil sorrowfully concludes. "But it wasn't the minister's fault," he quickly adds. "He had bought it from its second owner just a few months previously. It was the second owner who had taken it off the cops' hands."

A market as large as the Danforth can't maintain its stock on normal trade-ins and cash purchases. More than half the cars found on the street went there from other dealers in Toronto or from places as far as two hundred miles away. Bill Nicholls started the mass-buying technique when he bought out a bankrupt Quebec dealer in 1946. There were fifty-seven cars in the lot. Nicholls hired a gang of drivers and brought the whole stock to the Danforth. Most of the cars bought outside Toronto for the Danforth lots are distress merchandise, the symbols of unwise buying or trading by other dealers, franchised or other wise, in other places.

On the Danforth, as well as off it, speed of turnover is the margin between success and bankruptcy. Ted Davy becomes uneasy if a car is standing on his lot more than fifteen days. He then begins to shave prices a little. After thirty days he starts in in earnest. Bill Nicholls says: "They have to move by thirty days; sixty days is the absolute maximum, and if there's a car on the lot ninety days you can shoot it." When a car has been passed up too often, even after one or two markdowns, it may be sent to a small town. A salesman can pick up a few extra dollars on his day off by taking a lemon on holiday and peddling a slow mover at Danforth prices in a community a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles away.

Because of the low prices in Toronto several enterprising men make a regular practice of buying cars on the street, driving it to some other city or town and selling it at a hundred dollars or more above the Toronto price.

Car prices increase at a rate of about a dollar a mile as you leave Toronto, Danforth dealers claim. They add that this yardstick can be used for almost two hundred and fifty miles. Beyond the point on, the increase is roughly about seventy-five dollars on top of that for every succeeding 500 miles to the east or west of Ontario. Some prices paid on the Danforth would be mouth-watering to a man in Nanaimo, B.C., or Sydney, N.S. At the beginning of this year a 1951 Chev Deluxe sedan with heater and radio could be bought for eleven hundred and fifty dollars, a two-tone 1952 Dodge Coronet sedan was fifteen hundred with all equipment and new 1953 Chevs, Fords, Plymouths and Pontiacs were going at four hundred to six hundred dollars less than Alberta or Pacific coast prices.

Danforth dealers figure that it costs twenty-five dollars to place a car on the lot. That's for cleaning up and superficial checking and servicing. Mechanical work may add upward of two hundred dollars to that bill. After that, overhead adds two dollars a day to the cost price of each vehicle. No dealer will flatly refuse a trade-in, even though it's a car which has to be started by cranking, but the trade-ins of that sort are not factors for serious appraisal. They go straight to the wrecker and the wrecker's price is what the customer gets. In recent years the [illegible] which is now [illegible] on the street, such cars are called tough-cures, stoves or crates, have been disappearing from Danforth lots. The larger dealers may have a few at the back of their lots—"for the unemployed," as one man puts it—but no car more than four years old will be found in the first two or three rows. The man with an old car to trade in doesn't find the used-car dealer as helpful as he would the franchised dealer. "The franchised dealer has so many new cars he has to unload that he'll take a cut on his new-car profit when making an allowance on a trade-in," one Danforth dealer says. "We don't have to do that. With us it's a case of buying one used car and selling another one. We have to stick closer to the actual value of each."

Many dealers soap their prices on the windshields but whether they do or not there is nothing arbitrary about the original asking price. At certain times of the year the margin left for haggling is wide. The writer at one lot last December could have bought a 1952 Customline Ford four-door with white sidewalls, radio, heater, new slip covers and a few other extras for fifteen hundred and fifty dollars. The asking price was seventeen hundred and thirty-five dollars.

But although haggling is an honored custom, Max Walsh estimates half an hour as the average time to close a deal. "Ten minutes to buy, twenty minutes to sell," is the way salesman Nick Foreman puts it. As for Will Meggeson, says with refreshing candor: "We buy for as little as we have to pay and sell for as much as we can get. That's what's known as the free-enterprise system. Otherwise we'd be taken for a bunch of Communists."

Although a stroll along the Danforth

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is a feast for the eye of the car hungry there is danger under some of those hoods for the unknowing and sometimes for the knowing. One of the larger dealers told the writer in a sudden burst of frankness: "There are cars on that lot (meaning his own) which I wouldn't want to see my worst enemy buying." Then he added more cheerfully: "But my worst enemies don't buy their cars here so it's all right." While most of the men on the street handle cars which give the buyer value some regard a really fair transaction as a defeat. "There are still a few camata players," one dealer disgustedly admits. "Fellows who wear colored shirts and all that. But they're going fast. You need goodwill in this business just like in any other and you can't get goodwill by rooking the public."

Turning back speedometers is not considered unethical. Everyone does it and everyone expects it to be done. But there are some tricks which are regarded as unethical and they still have their practitioners. You run and ex-taxis, fleet cars and police cars hiding under a quick single-coat paint job which will wear off after half a dozen chamois polishings. Such a car will last from ten to five hundred miles before the heavy repair bills start, the price you have paid will be the same as for a good car of former private ownership. Few dealers fill the transmission and differential housings with ground cork and sawdust any more. That was a favorite remedy for gear noises in the pre-1939 cars. Later models have such fine tolerances that there is no room for foreign substances; it is still effective in the early models, though. A mixture of heavy oil and white lead in the crankcase still stops piston slap at least long enough for the hapless buyer to get a few miles away from the lot. Then it quickly burns out and the burnt out bearings and tie rods are the buyer's worry. Doctoring a leaking rad with certain compounds will stop the leak and clog the whole cooling system in doing so but cracked blocks and heads can be sealed though they are never the same again. Tires can be cut so skilfully that the treads appear to be as good as new. But it means shaving off the base rubber to a thinness of about one sixteenth of an inch—not a safety factor by any means.

Probably the only thing resembling a genuine secret to buying a good used car lies in picking the right dealer. Often a hired mechanic is helpful but Danforth dealers warn that it is important to know the mechanic. Many mechanics have been known to take the salesman aside and ask for a cut on the commission in return for unloading a "stove" on the trusting customer.

Besides availing himself of genuine help from a mechanic the buyer can be guided to some extent by the kind of warranty the dealer is offering. On new cars a used car dealer will offer the same unconditional guarantee as will the franchised dealer and many used car dealers will also give new car warranty to the buyer of a used car—even models one or two years old. On other comparatively late-model cars they will give a thirty day fifty-fifty warranty, which means they will pay half the repair bills for the first thirty days. When a warranty deal is offered the buyer can be reasonably certain that he is getting something in reasonably good shape mechanically. On an as-is deal the risks are obviously greater.

A buyer may also form the greater part of his judgment on the appearance of the car and be safe. A careful inspection of the tire sidewalls will show if a previous driver was the kind who rammed into curbs when parking and careened around generally playing the brake and accelerator like organ treadles. Such handling leaves a car at the brink of a series of major repair bills. Clean upholstery and floor coverings and unmarked paint work are signs of careful handling. A dealer is governed by these factors when buying a used car so a buyer can't do better than consider them too.

Just what redress there is for a buyer who has been bilked depends on the nature of the fraud. If a car has been represented as being of a later year than it actually is and the buyer can prove it he may bring a charge of false pretences against the dealer, but for finding himself stuck with a wreck sold without misrepresentation of year or make he has only himself to blame. "Let the buyer beware" is the only legal pronouncement which can be made in most cases, W. O. Gibson, Crown Attorney for Toronto county, says.

"Everyone thinks of the used car dealer as a horse-trader out to harpoon the innocent public," one dealer complains. "How about when the innocent public sticks it into the dealer? It happens." Curiously enough it does. And frequently.

They've Got to Have Wheels

Although dealers have long been wise to the car thief who asks to take a car for a trial run and is never seen again unless in a police line-up, they still are taken in every once in a while. The rule is for a salesman to accompany every prospective buyer when making a test run "because of insurance regulations," as it is tactfully explained. But vigilance is often relaxed and sometimes the car is found months later miles away under a new coat of paint, if it is found at all. The commonest and costliest gyp played by the public is the selling of a car with a lien or other attachment on it and representing it to be clear of such encumbrances.

Ontario, like most other provinces, has no central bureau of registration for liens and chattel mortgages. British Columbia and Saskatchewan are the only provinces which have. In Ontario all such records are kept within the county in which the financing lien has been done. Whether a lien or chattel mortgage has been put on a car is unknown to the dealer who is offered the car and he can't find out in less than three or four days. When the mortgagee traces the car down the dealer is obliged to surrender it without a murmur and swallow the loss. An executive of an automobile sales finance company with offices on the Danforth estimates that frauds perpetrated against dealers on the street would number about nine or ten a month.

Another cause for grief on the Danforth is that phenomenon of the age: the man (or youth) who has to be on wheels no matter what. "A good example of the car-crazy type took a toughie from us about six months ago," a salesman relates. "A few weeks later his wife called me up and told me to go down and collect the car. She said we would only be repossessing it soon anyway so we might as well get the agony over with now. I went down to the address she gave me. It was in a slum district. They were a family of five living in one room. When I arrived it was plain to see that the missus had won the argument but the guy put up a feeble last stand. After one or two pitches which his wife and I tossed right back at him he said: 'But I have to have a car or else people will think I'm a failure.'" ★

The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

peaceful 'cept for them kids."

The stage for Fractured Jaw lurched wildly, jolted heavily over a number of small boulders and slowed only to be caught up in its own cloud of dust. The world became a small yellow blur full of the screams of grease-hungry axles, pounding hoofs, creaking harness and carriage-work, and the mad cries of the driver and shotgun riding topside.

Plimsleigh sighed bitterly. He hated every single inch of the United States west of the Texas border.

It had not been so bad at the military posts where the officers were, in so far as three Americans seemed to be able to manage, gentlemen and observed the amenities of civilization. True, they displayed a provincial fondness for the Colt patent hand guns but sales had been much better than he had dared hope.

"What's your business, stranger?" the immense and uncouth giant who was the stage's only other passenger demanded suddenly. "If you don't mind the question."

There was really nothing for it but to answer. These impetuous people took offense easily and sometimes offered physical violence to indicate their disapproval. "Guns," said Plimsleigh shortly, and was aware that the ruffian's eyes were closely inspecting his yellow chamois traveling gloves, his neatly tailored black broadcloth coat and the quietly elegant silken waistcoat.

"Yeah," the ruffian murmured, an evil leer distorting his bearded face. "Yeah. I get the idea, stranger." He held out a vast and horny paw. "Glad to know you, friend. My name's Dawson. Sam Dawson. What's yourn?"

The stage for Fractured Jaw thundered into the ford of the south branch of the Little Bloody with a roar of scattered gravel and rushing water as Plimsleigh opened his mouth to reply. His hand was enclosed in the giant's ham-like fist.

"Luke Pimsey, eh? Mighty glad to make yoer acquaintance," Mr. Dawson shouted jovially as the stage surged up out of the ford, slithered briefly and then lunged forward once more. "You're gonna like Fractured Jaw just fine, friend Pimsey. Just fine and dandy."

Then at last they were slowing and the stage was rambling down the rutted main street of Fractured Jaw, Texas, a town of which it would be said in a few years that it had seen better days. To Plimsleigh it looked just like the scores of other dusty, drab, cheaply built hamlets he had visited since leaving St. Louis more than a month before. Here was the dry goods emporium, there the barber's shop, there the lawyer's office and everywhere saloons. And horses and people in about equal proportions.

Fifteen minutes afterward, having seen to the disposal of his valise and sample case, a large japanned tin trunk, Plimsleigh was stretched out in his room on the second floor of the Hotel Webster, Fractured Jaw's newest, finest and only hostelry. His eyes still smarted and his back ached and he had little hope of a cup of tea before the inevitable Texas supper of ham, corn, beans and potatoes drenched in a murky gravy. His mind turned to thoughts of rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. He slept.

It is as well that he got a bit of sleep before what happened, happened.

In The Gay White Way Saloon there was a pregnant silence as Marmaduke Pertwee, known to his associates and law-enforcement officers as the Salinas Kid, paused in the act of refreshing himself with a glass of rye and stared long and hard into the bar mirror, his lean handsome face tensing with sudden wrath. Without turning around he swiftly drew his revolver, aimed it back over his shoulder, sighting down the barrel as it was reflected in the mirror, and calmly shot Rafi Kincaid, the sheriff of Fractured Jaw. It was a masterful performance and the patrons of The Gay White Way were quick to voice their admiration, several of the hostesses going so far as to blow kisses at the shyly awkward Kid, who blushed prettily at this display.

"Set 'em up for the house," he murmured, deftly returning his revolver to his holster. "On me."

Several thoughtful men removed Sheriff Kincaid to the offices of the local physician for treatment.

MEANWHILE several blocks away Sam Dawson was enjoying a restorative glass of bourbon in The Luck of the Draw, a prosperous gaming and dicing establishment which catered to the more refined element of Fractured Jaw.

"Just hang on to your shirts and buck teeth, gents," he was saying to a number of friends gathered around him at the bar under the cut crystal chandeliers. "I ain't seen one of 'em in these parts for years, but if I don't know a real honest-to-John Mississippi river boat card shark when I see one, you can tan my hide. Slick dresser. Quiet too. And another thing . . ." Mr. Dawson's voice dropped to an awed whisper.

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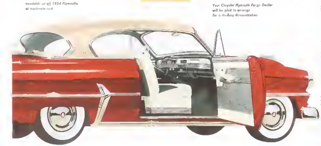

"Spit it out, Sam," a bystander urged anxiously.

"He's a genman, boys. A fella wouldn't dare dress like he does or talk so dellish unless he's mighty handy with a gun in case anybody gets disrespectful."

"But what's he doing in Fractured Jaw?"

"Ah!" replied Sam Dawson mysteriously. "Wouldn't we all like to know."

And now there occurred a third incident which was to affect Lucretius Plimsleigh. As Cato, the Hotel Webster's cook, handyman and porter, negotiated a corner of the hotel's narrow staircase, the large black leather sample case of Lucretius Plimsleigh slipped from his grasp and rocketed back down the stairs, its lid flying open in the descent. From the case there erupted exactly thirteen beautiful handguns of every variety, four magnificent shotguns and one superb rifle. Here flew the exact replica of the exquisite little derringer built expressly for Lady Mary Shaw, flew [illegible] and there soared a duplicate of the six shot revolver designed at the command of HRH the Crown Prince of Saxony. Cato stared and was appalled.

Stretched upon his couch Plimsleigh slept on, blissfully ignorant of these momentous events. He was dreaming now of very thin cucumber sandwiches.

In the office of the local physician, that learned man was finishing the bandaging of Sheriff Kincaid. "You've got to get used to drawing with your left hand, Bub," he said gruffly. "He got you fair and square in your right shoulder. Be six months before you'll be able to lace up a boot."

"Twas a fluke shot," Kincaid mumbled, flushing miserably with humiliation. "The Salinas Kid's one of the worst shots ever got this far west and lived to tell about it. I can't understand it."

"This means we'll need a new sheriff," said T. Hamilton Parks, president of the Fractured Jaw State Bank & Trust Co. and a pillar of the community. "Otherwise the town lies at the mercy of outlaws, gamblers, fancy women and the state bank examiners."

"On the other hand," he added kindly, "maybe it's just as well. Those bank examiners were beginning to wonder why you always mistook them for the Dancy Gang."

"It kept them out of town, Ham," the sheriff answered, his pride stung. "And that's what I got paid for."

"I'll see that you're taken care of, Kincaid. Right now we've got to locate a new sheriff."

It was surely Fate which guided the footsteps of T. Hamilton Parks into The Luck of the Draw for a revivatory glass of brandy before assembling the town council, of which he was the chairman, to discuss the problem of securing a new sheriff. He was just in time to hear Sam Dawson finish his narrative of the stirring stage ride to Fractured Jaw.

"Hmmmm," said Mr Parks. His manner was thoughtful. "Hmmmm," he said again. "Where did you say this man was to be found?"

PLIMSLEIGH was awakened by someone shaking the bed and the confused babble of rough voices. He opened one eye. Then he opened the other and sat bolt upright.

"We're not asking you, Pimsey, we're telling you," T. Hamilton Parks was saying a few moments later. "Aren't we, boys?" To this rhetorical question there was a low, animal growl of assent and a certain amount of gun fingering. "We need a sheriff," Parks went on from his position at the foot of Plimsleigh's bed, "and you're it."

"Or else," added Mr Claude Witherspoon, the genial host of The Gay White Way, beetling his brows in a significant fashion.

"Or else what?" Plimsleigh demanded, his wits returning slowly after the rude awakening he had suffered at the hands of the citizens' deputation.

"There's about five hundred of us and only one of you. You figure it out," Mr Witherspoon grated. "Come on, Pimsey. On your feet, you got work to do. The Salinas Kid's in town and spoiling for a fight."

Plimsleigh was aghast. To be awaked without tea by a gang of desperadoes and told he was to be sheriff ... And then a new thought struck him. Sheriff of Fractured Jaw! True it had not quite the pomp and ring of Nottingham but then it was unlikely that Miss Phoebe Frew would know that Fractured Jaw was less than one-hundredth of the size of Nottingham, smaller even than Biggsford Parva. Lucretius Plimsleigh, Lord High Sheriff of Fractured Jaw.

Then too he seemed to have no choice in the matter.

"Very well, gentlemen," he said in the same firm tones he had once used to announce dinner. "I accept the honor."

He would, he thought quickly as the visitors uttered a hoarse bellow of approval, write that evening to Messrs. Throop & Buckhammer explaining that he had been unavoidably detained for a few days. Then, when the hysteria which appeared to have seized upon these rude fellows had blown over, he would quietly take the next stage to Fort Worth. It would make an amusing story to tell his grandchildren.

It was indicative of his tealess and therefore blank-minded state that it was not until he was being carried down the stairs on the shoulders of his wildly cheering temporary fellow townsmen that he remembered the remark about the Salinas Kid.

But Fate was being kinder than he wotted to Lucretius Plimsleigh.

TO UNDERSTAND just how kind Fate was being it is necessary to return for a moment to The Gay White Way, whose proprietor had been so instrumental in the appointment of the new sheriff. There Marmaduke Pertwee was indeed master of the revels, having enjoyed an extraordinarily prosperous week at the expense of the Wells Fargo Express Company, and the company gathered around him were loud in their praise of his generosity, marksmanship and general nobility of character. None of them had so much as a glance for the porter of the Hotel Webster who had come in to procure his employer's regular evening pint of rye from the jovial barman. None of them saw the barman's lantern jaw sag as Cato related the circumstances of the fallen sample trunk and the arsenal within it. Until the Kid himself staggered to the bar to demand yet further drink for his friends.

"Eighteen guns," the barman muttered as if to himself, pouring out the requisite number of refreshments.

"Howzhat?" enquired Marmaduke Pertwee, peering beneath his tan.

"All of a sudden, Salinas, you don't scare me no more," the barman said, smirking mysteriously. "If I was you, Kid, I'd make tracks. Eighteen-gun Pimsey's in town."

"Eighteen guns," the barman said, his voice flat, his eyes heady with contempt.

"Oy!" cried Marmaduke Pertwee. And thereafter he was seen no more in Fractured Jaw, for coward and bully though he was he had wit enough to

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appreciate the wisdom of Voltaire's remark concerning the heaviest artillery and whose side God was on.

In this wise Lucretius Pimsleigh entered upon his semi-involuntary office. He was given a large silver-plated star, the keys to the town jail, a month's salary in advance and unlimited credit at The Gay White Way, The Luck of the Draw and Burke's Big Cash Store.

The week that followed saw Fractured Jaw become one of the most law-abiding communities in west Texas. There was even talk of establishing a church and arrangements were made to secure a replacement for the school teacher who had abandoned education for art and was at the moment a featured songstress at The Crystal Palace, a dancing hall of low repute on the edge of town. Ammunition sales at Burke's Big Cash Store dropped to an all-time low as the crash of small arms and the whine of ricochets was silenced.

And Eighteen-gun Pimsey remained a man of mystery, an austere figure in a frock coat and bowler hat, haunted by what thoughts no man could say.

IN THE MAIN he was haunted by the thought of what might have happened had the Salinas Kid elected to stick around. He worried also of what Messrs. Thorp & Buckhammer would say when the orders stopped coming through. And then was the ever present knowledge that he could not shoot. Sooner or later the psychological value of his nickname would tempt some brave to match skills, who would not be proud to say that he had faced down Eighteen-gun Pimsey!

That week saw the arrival of Miss Ellen Bishop, who was to be the new schoolteacher. She took up her residence at the Hotel Webster while she hunted for more suitable lodgings. Miss Bishop was pretty, red-haired and of firm character. She had dimples and her nose tilted slightly heavenward.

She it was who saw the limit of Lucretius Pimsleigh's patience reached a few mornings afterward at breakfast when Elvena, the Hotel Webster's slatternly maid, slammed a potful of alleged tea before him, sniggeringly.

Pimsleigh's voice was defiant and deadly. "Will you please to remove that, Miss?" His expression was that of a man battling terrible urges and his knuckles were white with the effort of self-restraint. Miss Bishop smiled gently and disappeared into the kitchen behind the shambling Elvena. Some minutes later she reappeared bearing the teapot. She set it on the table.

"There," she said, her voice musical and pleasant. "Try that."

He poured himself a cup. It was steaming and tawny and had been brewed with boiling water in a heated teapot and Pimsleigh's soul expanded within him. He gazed upon the girl with admiration.

They introduced themselves.

"And you're the sheriff?" Miss Bishop asked incredulously.

Pimsleigh dusted his fingernails on the lapel of his coat and glanced modestly into his teacup. "Perhaps," he ventured politely, "you would care to join me at dinner this evening, Miss Bishop?" Surely, he thought, Miss Phoebe Crew would prefer him to associate with a lady of impeccable moral standing rather than risk the questionable attentions of the dubious young women in The Gay White Way.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "I'd be delighted."

THE MORNING was crisp and beautiful and even Fractured Jaw looked almost habitable as Pimsleigh, full of tea and *bonhomie*, strolled down its single broad street to his office. Sooner or later, he told himself, he would have to think about making a few sales. T. Hamilton Parks ought to be good for an engraved pistol, and possibly Witherspoon the innkeeper, and that chap Dawson. His meditations were interrupted by a bull-like bellow.

"Hey! Pimsey!" Mr. Sam Dawson himself appeared in the door of The Gay White Way and hurried to greet the sheriff. "You heard the bad news, sheriff?" he asked breathlessly. "You better get you a posse, son. Black Hands McGinty and his gang have crossed the border from Mexico and they're headin' this way!"

"Black Hands McGinty?" Pimsleigh's voice carried a note of mild bewilderment. "Heading this way?"

"He's also known as the Mexican Terror of Monterrey, never come this far north across the border before. He must be on a real hell raiser. Sheriff, you'll have to excuse me, son. I got important business in Hullsburg down the road a ways. Good luck." And with a friendly pat on the back to Lucretius Pimsleigh, Sam Dawson returned to The Gay White Way for a glass of breakfast before leaving town.

In his office Pimsleigh found a frayed and worn poster buried in a desk drawer announcing that the Republic of Mexico would pay $4,000 for Black Hands McGinty, dead or alive. There was another crudely printed poster announcing that Black Hands McGinty would pay $10,000 for the Republic of Mexico, dead or alive, but this Pimsleigh dismissed as bravado. He glanced at the list of crimes with which Black Hands McGinty was charged and noted that only barratry and [illegible] in fact appeared to have escaped the villain's attention.

A lesser man might have stolen quietly back to the Hotel Webster and hidden under a bed, but Lucretius Pimsleigh was a man of honor and he had accepted a month's salary. He would be decided to recruit a posse and when it had been assembled return the money, confess that he had never fired a shot in anger in his life and suggest to them that they elect one of their number to replace him. It should be simple once the facts were placed squarely before them.

OUTSIDE his office he heard the muffled thunder of hoofs and glancing through his rough, fly-specked window he observed what seemed to be a line of irregular cavalry passing along the dusty street. He strolled to the door the better to see the curious procession even as the pace of the horses increased from canter to gallop, and he was shocked to recognize some of the strained faces of those aboard the flying mustangs.

The able-bodied male population of Fractured Jaw was taking French leave. "Give 'em hell, Pimsey," shouted one among them. "You look after the women and children or we'll hunt you down and cut you up in little bitty pieces, you hear?"

"I got a dentist's appointment, Centreville sheriff," another yelled shamefacedly. "Sorry."

In a few moments a swirling cloud of yellow dust was all that remained to be seen of the retiring vigilantes.

This, Pimsleigh thought bitterly, was the price of vanity. How he'd smirked at the title Lord High Sheriff of Fractured Jaw. Now he would pay dear for his folly.

It was a silent and frightened community upon which the sun beat mercilessly down. Alarm and [illegible], Pimsleigh walked gravely back to the Hotel Webster. As he passed The Gay White Way he saw the four

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faces of several dancing girls, while beneath their rouge and mascara. At Burke's Big Cash Store they were nailing heavy boards over the windows, Mrs. Burke handing nails and hammer to her ten-year-old son. Already the heavy steel doors of the Fractured Jaw State Bank & Trust Co. had been slammed shut and padlocked from the inside.

"I demand protection, Pinney," came the muffled voice of T. Hamilton Parks from behind the bank's barred windows.

At the Hotel Webster the proprietor was supervising the removal of furniture and other frangible objects to the second floor. Miss Ellen Bishop stood just inside the bare lobby, her normally pert and cheerful face drawn with anxiety.

"Oh, Mr. Pinney," she cried as Lucretius turned into the hotel, "how could those men have been such cowards? Running like a pack of frightened rabbits just because some ruffian's name is mentioned and leaving you alone to face . . ." She gasped as the implications of what she was hinting struck her and her expression became one of pretty dismay. "I'm so terribly sorry," she murmured.

"Thank you, Miss Bishop," Plimsleigh said somberly. "I trust that all will be well when this McGinty person is apprised of the fact that the town contains naught of value and that his presence here is undesirable. Doubtless he and his band will move on to other more remunerative fields of endeavor."

HE WENT upstairs to his room and selected a duplicate of the fine target revolver with pearl-inlaid butt and warranted accurate at sixty yards, constructed at the wish of the Seventh Duke of Rutledge. Thoughtfully he inserted the cartridges into their chambers and then wrapped the gleaming blue-steel weapon in its chamois carrying bag and stuffed it into his coat pocket. It would be as well to be prepared for any eventuality, he reflected as he descended again to the street.

"Pray keep to the upper floor, Miss Bishop," he urged as he prepared to return to his office. "In the event of small-arms fire."

"You are a brave man, sir," she said, her green eyes full of admiration.

"Letter for you, sheriff," Cato the porter wheezed as he shuffled in from the kitchen. "It came by this morning's stage." He handed Lucretius a dog-eared creased envelope scribbled over its back and face with forwarding addresses. The stamp was British and the postmark that of Eggsford Parva. Plimsleigh stuffed it in his pocket along with his gun and strode from the hotel, his face a taut mask beneath the brim of his bowler.

Alone in his office he read Miss Phoebe Crewe's short note.

". . . can wait no longer. I have consented to become the wife of Alfred Huggins the draper," Miss Crewe's note explained coolly.

But somehow the shock was not as great as it might have been. Indeed it was probably a good thing, Plimsleigh told himself. He would leave no woman to mourn his passing. Now there was nothing to deter him from facing Black Hands McGinty. Besides there had always been the faint suggestion that Miss Phoebe Crewe's eyes were set too close together, a certain narrowness, a kind of pinched looking . . . not a bit like Miss Ellen Bishop. He put the thought from his mind.

By three o'clock that afternoon the sound of a pin dropping would have echoed hollowly in the single street of Fractured Jaw. By three-thirty the sound of a pin dropping would have been a welcome relief from the ghastly tension, the unearthly silence, the dreadful waiting. No one stirred.

Plimsleigh sat in his office and attempted to relax by arranging in his mind the silverware and seating for a nine-course dinner to include the younger son of a viscount and the eldest daughter of a baronet. He did not dare to let his mind wander into the wild maze of thoughts that crowded in upon him.

At precisely four o'clock he heard the sound of horses cantering easily up the street, heard their whickering as they stopped and the heavy thuds of riders dismounting.

". . . fish knives and soups," Plimsleigh murmured to himself and stood up. He adjusted his bowler until it sat straight upon his head and straightened the silver star of his office on the lapel of his coat. Then he patted his coat pocket to ensure that his gun was in place, still wrapped in its chamois bag. His face set in the steely glare he had so often and with such immense effect employed upon impertinent servants and footmen, he walked from his office into the sun-drenched street, his shadow long in front of him.

HE SAW by the tethered horses that the riders had entered The Gay White Way and thither he directed his firm steady steps. Six horses. Six men.

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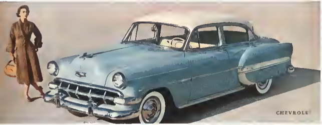

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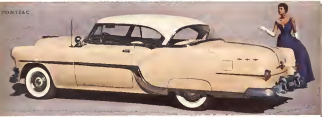

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windows he was well aware awed and stricken eyes followed his implacable progress as the women and children and the lame, the halt and the blind waited for all hell to break loose in Fractured Jaw.

Now he was in front of The Gay White Way. Beneath the swinging doors he saw a dozen roughly booted feet planted along the bar. He heard rude guffaws and several loud oaths.

"So your sheriff calls himself Eighteen-gun Pinsey, does he?" shouted one of the desperadoes, laughing like a fiend from the Inferno. "They tell me he's an eastern dude."

"Where is this boy wonder?" howled an even more repulsive voice. "We'll chew him up and spit him in the creek."

Plimsleigh inhaled deeply, took a last look at the bright world of sunshine and life and stalked through the swinging doors into the saloon. The doors squeaked once and swung shut.

There was a mighty shout.

Then was a fusillade of gunfire and the sound of the mirror behind The Gay White Way's bar shattering into a thousand splinters.

And then silence.

THE COLLECTIVE soul of Fractured Jaw sighed. Crouched by the window of her room in the Hotel Webster Miss Ellen Bishop sobbed brokenly for she had come to admire the silent courteous man who had just given his all in the cause of peace and justice.

Then from The Gay White Way strolled the sheriff of Fractured Jaw arm in arm with Black Hands McGinty. Their faces wreathed in smiles. From behind them rose suddenly the clangor of the mechanical piano and for the first time in hours the tinkle of girlish giggles, the clomp of dancing boots.

"Gad, Plimsleigh, you gave me quite a start," chuckled Black Hands McGinty, his youthful face alight with pleasure. "I thought pater'd sent you to fetch me back."

"On the contrary, sir, it was you who startled me," Plimsleigh said, his voice jovial, almost paternal. "My, how you've grown, sir. Another stone, I'll be bound."

"It's the outdoor life, Plimsleigh. Gives you an appetite," said the Hon. Giles Edgar Frederick William Hackhead, younger son of the fifth Earl Eggsford. He glanced at the deserted streets. "I take it we're a trifle unpopular in these parts?"

Plimsleigh coughed discreetly behind his hand. "There is a certain amount of antagonism, sir. The ... er ... natives have heard reports relevant to your activities in Mexico and ..."

"Exaggerated, Plimsleigh, vastly exaggerated. Just having a bit of fun and games before I have to go back to Cambridge and settle down to respectability. Ah, here's Tubby Wingate, you remember Sir Algernon Wingate, Bart., Plimsleigh?" And the Hon. Giles turned to introduce one of the booted and spurred members of his band who had just emerged from the bar with a blonde on each arm.

"Ah there, Plimsleigh," cried the young baronet genially.

"Where's the nearest railroad east, Plimsleigh?" the Hon. Giles demanded. "We're bound back for England, home, beauty and dullness, dammit!"

"There is a railroad near Fort Worth," Plimsleigh responded quickly. "I am not advised of their timetables but accommodations are doubtless to be obtained. I may say, sir, that your return will be a great satisfaction to your parents. They were, at the time of my departure from their employ, under the unfortunate impression that you were dead."

"Far from it, Plimsleigh," the Hon. Giles said, grinning broadly. Then the import of his former butler's words struck him. "You mean you quit? Good man! I always knew you had too much spirit to buttle away the rest of your life. This is the place for you, Plimsleigh, lots of space and opportunity. Stay and prosper. Marry some nice girl and raise a family. I shall send a fish server and follow your progress with interest."

"As will I," declared Sir Algernon Wingate emotionally, much moved. "I shall stand godfather to your first-born."

"To horse, gentlemen," shouted the Hon. Giles Hackhead, springing to his saddle. "Let us leave Fractured Jaw in peace, secure in the hands of its brave sheriff. As we say in Mexico, Plimsleigh, adios!" And with a brave flourish of their broad-brimmed hats the erstwhile Black Hands McGinty Gang rode off into the twilight.

THE GRAND ball and square dance which took place that very night in The Gay White Way was to become part of the legend and lore of Fractured Jaw and there were reliable reports that the shouting and merriment were heard as far away as Sandy Ditch, some ten miles to the south. Toasts were drunk and the red-eye flowed like water and one of the dancing girls knifed her fiancé in the exuberance of the occasion.

The cry "Pinsey for Congress!" began in The Gay White Way and spread like a brush fire to The Last Chance, The Silver Dollar, The Luck of the Draw and all the other places of entertainment throughout the town, growing in strength and power with each passing minute. T. Hamilton Parks himself led the great torchlight procession to the Hotel Webster where the hero of the hour was just finishing a dinner of rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding prepared by the skilled and affectionate hands of Miss Ellen Bishop who was laughing and crying with delight.

"Pinsey for Congress!" the mighty chorus arose to the moonlit heavens again and again. "The reward for valor, the prize for bravery!"

It was not until some hours later that Plimsleigh was enabled to be alone with Miss Ellen Bishop. They strolled slowly through the deserted street at the edge of town, away from the ribald gaiety of the saloons, Plimsleigh tall and erect in his frock coat and bowler, Miss Bishop demure and lovely in the pale glow of the moon shining down on Fractured Jaw.

"It's a thought," Plimsleigh conceded, breathlessly aware that he had seized Miss Bishop's small soft hand and that it was not withdrawn from his grasp. "I hate guns anyway and I'm not a very good salesman." His hand was abruptly squeezed.

"You are, too," came the gentle whisper from the girl beside him.

"An unemployed butler," Plimsleigh mused, "isn't much use to anybody. Maybe congress would be the ideal solution. If it's anything like parliament back home you don't have to know anything."

They had reached a towering old cottonwood tree by the edge of the cemetery. The shadows beneath it were dark and inviting.

"I'd need a hostess," Plimsleigh said softly. "Living in Washington, you know. It would be expected."

"I know," said Miss Ellen Bishop, catching her breath.

There was a soft hollow plunk. The two dim figures in the shadows beneath the cottonwood tree seemed not to notice it, clasped as they were in a tight embrace.

Plimsleigh's bowler had fallen off. ★

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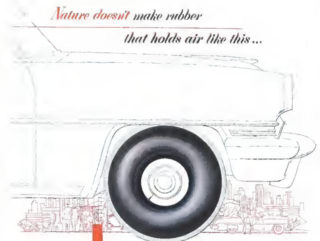

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The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

could see. "How large is it?" asked one after gazing in the direction indicated and seeing nothing.

Father Brébeuf did not reply at once. He continued to stare into the sky and finally he sighed deeply.

"It is large enough," he said in a low voice, "to crucify all of us."

It was at Brébeuf's direction that the Huron mission centred its activities at Ihonatiria and here was built a chapel which was a constant source of wonder to the dark-skinned people. It was thirty feet long, sixteen wide and twenty-four high, and the vestments were costly and beautiful. In the otherwise bare house of the priests were many objects which caused astonishment among the credulous men of the woods. There was for instance the clock which they began to call the Captain. The priests were willing to capitalize on the effect produced by the striking of the clock. If it happened to be ten they would cry out immediately after the tenth stroke, "Stop!" and when the Captain obeyed the red men would slap their thighs with horny palms and shake their heads in delight and wonder. "What does it eat?" they asked, convinced that the mechanism was alive. Some years before a young Huron named Savignon had been taken to France as a hostage. Savignon came back full of awe and reported that he had seen the golden cabin of the French King rolling along the ground, pulled by eight moose without horns and that he had also seen a machine which spoke and told the time of day. Here was a proof of his veracity and one of the reasons why the Hurons examined the clock with particular interest.

Every piece of equipment was equally potent, a magnifying glass in particular. The dusky visitors never tired of looking through it and crying out when the figures of ants and bugs grew to an unbelievable size before their eyes. They watched the magnet with due awe, believing that a *manitu* of great power dwelt within it and compelled objects to draw near.

There was one occasion when, like the Connecticut Yankee at the court of King Arthur, the Jesuits made capital of an eclipse. There was this difference in the two incidents, that far up in the Huron country it was the light of the moon and not the sun which was conveniently dimmed. This happened during the night of December 31, 1638. The priests consulted their books and told the members of their flock to watch for what was coming. The fading out of the light at the moment predicted caused a panic among the natives and ever after they believed the Black Gowns capable of commanding the coming and the going of light. This anecdote was contained in a letter written by Father François Joseph le Mercier from the Huron village of Ossossané.

The history of these early years is based to a great extent on the long letters the priests faithfully indited and sent to their superiors in France and Rome, and to an even greater extent the knowledge which exists about life among the Indian tribes. It is from these priestly epistles that most of the story of the long and ferocious Indian wars is drawn. They told the blood-chilling incidents of a great Huron victory.

According to custom, the victorious Hurons returning with booty and prisoners carried upright sticks in their canoes to signify the number of prisoners, and for good measure they placed on the ends of the sticks the scalps they had taken. The exultant squaws, old men and children were driven to a frenzy by the fact a hundred poles had been raised in the canoes.

The torturing of the prisoners began at once and as each man died his remains were roasted and devoured. The priests strove desperately to stop the slaughter but found their charges so carried away over their victory that they paid no attention. They protested so long that finally the Indians became angry and tossed the hand of one of the victims through the door of the mission lodge. The Jesuits had been allowed to baptize each prisoner before he was led out to the stake and so the hand was sorrowfully buried in consecrated ground.

The most regular correspondent in France was Father Paul le Jeune who became the Superior at Quebec. His letters, filled with stories of their trials and triumphs, began to attract attention in France. This gentle priest had a sense of humor as well as a burning zeal and he told many stories which added to the interest in his reports. He did not hesitate, for instance, to tell of one difficulty they encountered in learning Indian languages. A habit of some interpreters was to teach obscene words in place of the right ones which resulted in the unwitting priests sending their listeners into spasms of mirth.

The priests had no conception at first of the interest these epistles were creating in France, not knowing of a daring experiment which had been decided upon by the Superior of the Society in France. The latter made up his mind that the letters of Father le Jeune should be published so that they would be made available to everyone and accordingly he effected an arrangement with Sebastien Cramoisy, the most prominent of the printers of Paris. The printer produced the letters with the utmost care in vellum-bound volumes, small octavo in size, and put them on the market at twenty *sols*. Sales proved phenomenal. Distribution was so great in fact that it was decided to put out a volume a year and to call the series the Relations. Publication was kept up for over forty years, the scope of the series being extended to take in all letters from priests and many incidental

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Gloom and doom always hang over a mermaid's head. When the great sailor Ulysses heard one, he reached for the ear wax and lashed himself to the mast. Otherwise he'd have been a dead duck.

Few sightings have been reported of late, but once mermaids used to pop up all over the place. Resist her spell and the lady expired. You could hear her moans for miles.

A mermaid is every inch a lady down to her middle. Then she starts to taper off. In Queen Bess' day she was around a lot, but didn't care much for England's coasts. She liked warm climates.

Mermaid replicas used to hang in many a tavern. One was at the "Mermaid" in London, where stage folk gathered to quaff the nut-brown ale. "Make Mine Mermaid's" they'd cry, anticipating "Make Mine Molson's" by three centuries or so.

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While on vacation recently in northern Ontario, a young automobile salesman from Toronto suffered an unfortunate accident during a hiking trip with his wife. Making his way through a clump of trees the young man ducked his head to avoid a low-hanging branch of a tree. He brushed into another concealed branch that severely damaged his left eye. As a result of the injury he suffered complete loss of sight in that optic.

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papers relating to affairs in Canada.

Not since publication of the De Imitatione Christi, two hundred years before, had such a wave of spiritual fervor been evoked. Paul le Jeune received his first intimation of what was happening when a vessel from France arrived at Quebec and delivered huge packets of letters. They were from people who had read the Relations whose concern in the work of the missions had been so stimulated that they desired to help.

To his great astonishment Father le Jeune discovered he had become famous. He was clearheaded enough to realize a checkrein was going to be needed. He wrote to the Father Provincial in France: "They (the Ursuline mothers) write me with such ardor that if the door were open a city of nuns would be formed and there would be found ten sisters to one pupil." He was equally aware of the poor quality of the settlers being sent to the colony. On this point he wrote: "Every year the ship brings us many people; this number like coin is of mingled gold and base alloy. It is composed of choice and well-selected souls, and of others indeed base and degraded."

The success of the Relations stimulated the missionaries to further efforts. More priests were sent to join the hard-worked fathers. Sometimes workmen were sent with them. Nearly a score of artisans were imported into the Huron country to build the chapel at Ihonatiria.

It was thus made abundantly clear that the Jesuits were of all men the best fitted for missionary work among the Indians. Individually they were brave, resolute, unflinching and ready for any sacrifice. As a body they were backed by great wealth and influence.

Quebec had continued to grow in the meantime but very slowly. The population was slightly in excess of one hundred but the settlement was not self-supporting. Champlain, adroit and resourceful though he was, could not make useful citizens out of the dregs sent by his profit-mad partners. These misfits and unfortunates hunted and fished sporadically, they loafed, they drank, they diced, and continued as hostile to honest toil as they had been when plucked from the stews and prisons of Paris.

The truth of the situation finally reached the one man in France who was capable of finding the solution. Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu, the young Bishop of Luçon, had left his mean episcopal palace and had attached himself to the service of the lumpish, lazy and vindictive Queen Regent. Richelieu, who was presently to receive the red hat from Rome and to be called thereafter "the cardinal," moved with consummate skill through the complexities of the corrupt court and in time gained a complete ascendency over the weakling son of Henry IV who had succeeded to the throne as Louis XIII.

The King took little interest in affairs of state except for sudden gusts of unpredictable energy which made it necessary for the cardinal to exercise all his skill to retain his hold on the reins. Ordinarily the capricious young King concerned himself with boyish fancies. He was interested in cookery and became quite expert in making garlic spreads for bread and *salades* with *sauce rousse*. In a court noted for the beauty and immorality of its women the young king showed no tendency to emulate the gallantry of his father. He took little or no interest in the affairs of New France.

Richelieu soon became convinced that the control of the French colony must be assumed by the government and he acted with characteristic vigor. He sat behind his desk on a gusty April 29, in 1627. Before him lay a document from which the title seemed to spring out: *Acte pour L'Etablissement de la Compagnie des Cent Associés.*

The Company of One Hundred Associates! This organization with the euphonious name which has impressed itself firmly on the pages of Canadian history was the answer which Richelieu was supplying for the problem of Canada.

The man behind the desk was thin and austere. His face fell away from a fine wide brow to a chin so delicate and pointed under its small beard that it suggested a sensitive nature (which was completely misleading) and the result would have been to give his ample nose too much prominence if it had been possible to notice anything about this extraordinary man but his unblinking pale eyes. The Richelieu eyes, it was currently believed, could look through anything: the most astute politician who might face him, the walls which surrounded him, the knotty problems he had to solve. There was uncanniness also in this man's gift for knowing what went on about him, for knowing instinctively the right course to pursue, for the perfection of his choice of words in convincing those about him, for his unerring judgment of men. He was utterly unscrupulous and, of course, without kindness or pity. No other great minister of state ever quite equalled him, not Wolsey or Fouquet or Colbert, not Bismarck or Disraeli.

The slender forefinger which rested on the front page of the charter had assisted in cutting with vigorous surety through all obstacles in the way of the measure. The cardinal had abolished the office of Admiral of France and had set up a new post, the Grand Master and Superintendent of Navigation and Commerce, assuming the duties himself. The preceding charter to gather furs and launch new settlers in New France had been revoked; the noble Champlain's grasping backers were through.

This bold measure may have originated in the brain of another man, that strange figure who stood so often at the shoulder of the cardinal and whispered in his ear—François Leclerc du Tremblay, the Capuchin who was called by the populace Father Joseph of Paris and sometimes *L'Eminence Grise*, Grey Eminence. The memorandum offered the King on sea power and the need for colonies is said to have been his work although his name was not attached to it. Father Joseph became the "familiar spirit" of Richelieu, his sword blade in diplomacy, his director of intelligence and spying. He followed the great minister everywhere, but whereas Richelieu traveled in state with a long train of prancing horses, the silent glowering Capuchin followed on foot, striding tirelessly on bare feet over the rough and muddy roads. A man of the most intense faith, he was nevertheless the most consistent exponent of the theory that the end justifies the means. Created Apostolic Commissary of Missions by Pope Urban VIII, his influence can be detected in the course which Richelieu was now following.

It is probable that in the long room where the cardinal worked were some of the men who had already agreed to become members of the new organization. They were a mixed lot. All men of ministerial rank were included, some of the nobility, some merchants, some men in holy orders. The name of Cardinal Richelieu headed the list. Somewhere far down on the page no doubt was a man too far away to be consulted, Samuel de Champlain. Each member was obligated to pay three thousand livres.

The act conferred on the company the whole of the North American continent. The fur trade was to belong to the Associates exclusively for all time and they were to control the trade of the colony, with the exception of the coast fisheries, for a term of fifteen years. In return the Associates engaged to send three hundred people to Canada each year and to bring the total to four thousand by the expiration of the fifteen years, supporting the settlers, moreover, for three years and providing each community with three priests.

No point seemingly had been overlooked in this thorough document. All settlers sent to Canada were to be French and Catholic. The government was to stand back of the company and to provide immediately two warships fully equipped for service.

Richelieu was creating for himself and for his master the King and the kings who would succeed him the absolute power in which he believed. Canada was to be governed by rules laid down in the cabinets of the new autocracy. Documents signed with the flourish of busy and supercilious pens would determine the lives of the men and women who braved the rigors of pioneering across the seas.

Champlain's reaction to the formation of the new company was one of complete accord and delight in the magnitude of the new conception of things. With the news of the sweeping changes Richelieu had initiated came word that a fleet of twenty transports was being gathered and that four ships of war under the command of Admiral de Roquemont would convey the flotilla to Quebec. The transports were to be filled with the right kind of settlers, family men with wives and children and trained to a trade or to work on the soil, and loaded with sup-

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plies of all kinds. One hundred and fifty cannon were to be sent for the protection of new settlements.

It is doubtful if Champlain perceived dangers in the ambitious planning of the cardinal. Richelieu had fixed a pattern from which France would never thereafter deviate in the handling of New France. Regimentation would go hand in hand with colonization. The habitant would never be allowed to work out his own destiny, to do with his life as he pleased. Even marrying and giving in marriage would be subject to king-made restrictions and controls.

Richelieu was unequalled as a statesman and organizer but he lacked in knowledge of the human heart. He did not realize that the impetus to great deeds springs from the spirits of men who control their own destinies, that the feet of strong men who go out to reclaim the wilderness and win the far frontiers of the earth must be unfettered.

England's Realistic Approach

While the pioneers of Quebec were still fighting for an existence around the great rock, dependent on the support of profit-mad merchants, the English had been establishing themselves in the warmer lands of the south. In 1607 the London Company, operating under a charter granted by that great dispenser of charters, James I of England, landed a party of settlers at Virginia which they loyally named Jamestown. After a rigorous first year the colony came under the direction of one John Smith, sailor, soldier and adventurer extraordinary, with a penchant for writing books. Smith is best remembered through the association of his name with that of Pocahontas, the daughter of an Indian chief. A captive of the tribe, Smith was rescued from death by the intercession of the lovely Pocahontas. Even at this early stage there was a realistic note in the colonial operations of the English, a determination to consolidate their holdings and to concern themselves more with driving the Indians out than in catering to their immortal souls.

The second great venture in colonization came thirteen years later. A party of religious Separatists, now called Pilgrims, had been driven from England by intolerance. They set sail from Holland in the year 1620 in a ship called the Mayflower, an earnest and utterly inexperienced body of men and women numbering no more than a hundred. Bad weather drove them off their course and they landed at what is now Provincetown on the long arm of Cape Cod.

The next point settled was Salem and then still another sinking of the roots of colonization occurred north of Boston Bay. The town of Boston, so named in 1630, grew with more rapidity than any of the other settlements and gradually became the centre of the lands which are now New England. Thus Quebec had a flourishing rival, Boston, small and stern and determined. Poor Quebec, which shared all those qualities, and it was inevitable that in course of time the two would clash.

The United Netherlands claimed the country along the Hudson in 1609 as a result of the explorations of Henry Hudson in the Halfmoon. In 1626 Peter Minuit bought Manhattan Island from the Indians and Fort Amsterdam was erected there. The arrival of the Dutch made the rivalry for possession of North America a triangular one.

King James of England had a way (which he shared with the French) of granting vast claims to such of his subjects as desired to venture into the west. On the authority of one such charter an English sea captain named Samuel Argall (the same commander who abducted Pocahontas in Virginia and allowed a member of his crew, John Rolfe, to marry her) cruised up the coast from Massachusetts to expel the French from their Acadian possessions. He had no difficulty capturing them as the French were taken by surprise. The buildings at Port Royal were burned and some fourteen members of the colony were carried off as prisoners.

The Argall raid was the first open conflict between the English and the French and then two pedantic Scots brought about the first fighting on a large scale: James I and Sir William Alexander. Of the pair it was said that "James was a king who tried to be a poet and Alexander was a poet who tried to be a king." It may be stated at the outset that both failed.

Alexander was a man of vision. His eyes had become fixed on the west and it was partly as a result of his urging that King James elected to make his liberal gestures of annexation. In 1621 the King made a grant to Alexander of all Nova Scotia which was assumed at the time to include Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Acadia, Maine, New Brunswick and a large slice of Quebec. In a later confirmation Alexander was

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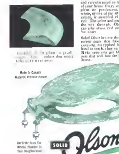

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empowered to erect cities, appoint forts, hold courts, grant lands and coin money."

To finance this grandiose plan King James created a new order, the Knights Baronet of Nova Scotia. Any gentleman or man of property who could make a voyage to that country or pay down instead the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds sterling would get his title and a grant of land six miles by three. He would have the right to wear about his neck "an orange tawney ribbon from which shall hang pendent in an escutcheon argent a saltire azure with the arms of Scotland."

Nothing much came of this save the settling of small groups here and there around the Bay of Fundy and the creation of much ill feeling between the newcomers and the French at Port Royal. After the death of James the Company of Merchant Adventurers was formed in London by Sir William and a number of London financiers and merchants. The company had an ambitious purpose: the seizure by force of arms of all Canada. War had broken out between England and France because of Richelieu's determination to break the back of Huguenot solidarity. The new dictator of France struck at the heart of Calvinism by besieging La Rochelle. King Charles I of England took the side of the Huguenots.

They Swept the Seas

When the war began the Company of Merchant Adventurers raised the sum of sixty thousand pounds to equip an expedition against the French in Canada. Three ships set out early in 1627 under the command of Captain David Kirke. Word had reached England that the armada promised Champlain by the Company of One Hundred Associates was ready to start. Kirke made his first objective the interception and capture of the fleet.

Kirke and his two brothers, Lewis and Thomas, found Admiral de Roquemont and his armada in Gaspe Bay where he had been compelled to take refuge by heavy storms. It was clear to the English captains that the French admiral had been taken by surprise. All his ships were deep in the water with the weight of the cargoes they carried. The new guns were lashed in the holds of the bigger ships and the few that were ready for action were of small calibre. Even the decks of the four warships were black with the passengers they were bringing out: men, women and children, soldiers and mechanics and Jesuit priests. To see English sails on the horizon was the last thing the admiral had expected.

Roquemont looked about him with a desperate anxiety. The bay was dotted with sails for, in addition to the four convoy ships, he had twenty transports in his charge. Everything that the colony at Quebec needed had been loaded into the holds. Roquemont was a good sailor and a brave man. He decided not to give up without a struggle and the order to prepare for defense was hastily flown from his masthead. The struggle, however, was a brief one. The three English ships came in under a spread of canvas, but otherwise stripped for action, the shrouds filled with musketeers, the muzzles of heavy cannon protruding from the portholes. David Kirke brought his ship alongside that of the admiral and raked the hull of the French flagship with a broadside. Throwing out their grappling irons, a boarding party of the English came over, their cutlasses in their teeth. With the most valorous of intentions, the French found themselves unable to put up any effective resistance. To spare the lives of his helpless passengers, Roquemont had to strike his colors. The other French vessels, seeing the uselessness of further resistance, surrendered also.

Kirke burned some of the transports and took the rest, heavily loaded with the spoils of victory, into Newfoundland harbors. From here he sailed back to England, taking the most prominent of his prisoners with him.

England hailed the victors with delight. France seethed with indignation and dismay. Stuffed effigies of the three Kirke brothers were burned on the Place de la Grève.

A despairing Champlain paced the ramparts of the citadel on the heights after receiving this bitter news. He had learned of the capture and destruction of Roquemont's ships from Indian scouts. The French colony, he was convinced, was now doomed. There was nothing to prevent the English from seizing Quebec and expelling all the French settlers. Old and bent and unhappy, he kept an eye on the eastern reaches of the river, expecting the sails of the English ships. He was fully aware of the weakness of his position. Never an engineer, he had proven himself a poor builder. The houses he had raised among the walnut trees had been flimsy and had fallen into dilapidation and disrepair in the course of a few years. His great pride, the stone citadel, was now going the same way. The walls showed signs of decay and insecurity, the masonry had developed dangerous fissures, two of the corner towers had collapsed, filling the moat with rubble over which an attacking force could scramble with the ease of Joshua and his men charging into Jericho. The muzzles of his few cannon, protruding above the battlements, looked little more dangerous than broomsticks poking out from the white walls of a boy's snow castle.

Expecting attack, Champlain had moved the people of Quebec into the fort. The food supplies were inadequate for a siege and so he had found it necessary to reduce the daily ration to a small supply of peas and "turkey corn," as the Indian maize was called. The people grumbled and in their hearts perhaps hoped that the English would come soon to free them from such privations.

But the English did not come. Winter settled in. With the freezing of the streams and the falling of the snow the sufferings of the little garrison became pitiful. When spring came at last the daily ration had been cut to seven ounces of powdered pease per person. The settlers were gaunt, the children thin and spiritless in their patched and ragged clothes.

Throughout the winter the unhappy colony had been cut off from the outside world. The Kirkes held control of the waters about Newfoundland and the gulf. Champlain did not know, therefore, that the defeat had precipitated a serious situation in France. The Company of One Hundred Associates hovered on the brink of bankruptcy.

There had been talk of equipping more ships for the relief of Canada but the preparations were proceeding with great slowness. Champlain, unaware of all this, still expected relief in the spring.

The settlers do not seem to have shared his optimism. The men of the colony, no longer content to exist on starvation rations and anxious to ease matters for their families, began to scatter into the woods. Some joined bands of roving Indians, some took to boats and vanished down the river in the direction of the fishing banks. Their wives and children remained in the fort, begging piteously for the food which the unhappy commander could not supply. Champlain was left with sixteen men in addition to the priests on the St. Charles.

Then two ships hove into sight from behind the Isle of Orleans, flying the English flag. David Kirke had returned from England with four ships, two of which had been sent to attack the citadel, no difficult task. There was no one in the fort save the stooped and sad-eyed commander, all of his sixteen men being in the woods in a desperate search for food. Champlain, standing despondently on the battlements, watched an English officer climb up the narrow path under a white flag. The moment he had foreseen with so much dread had arrived.

The sails of the ships had been seen from the woods on the high declivity, however, and now the men of the garrison were hurrying back. As they straggled in they were ordered to go at once to their posts. When the English officer reached the summit he found the fort manned. Soldiers with muskets paced the crumbling ramparts and the sound of sharp military orders reached his ears. But it was only a brave pretense.

Realizing that to offer defense would be futile, Champlain nevertheless held out for terms. He insisted that the commander of the attacking force must first show his commission from the English King, that no effort be made to come ashore until all terms had been agreed to, and that one of the two ships be used to convey his people back to their own country, including all of the priests and two Indians, and above everything he demanded that fair and courteous treatment be accorded to all.

The commander of the English agreed courteously to these terms. And so, on August 9, 1629, Champlain formally surrendered Quebec to the invaders. It is worth noting that the company of English officers and men who came ashore and raised their flag over the citadel found no food in the place except one tub of potatoes and roots.

Champlain's Great Welcome

What thoughts filled the mind of Samuel de Champlain watching the fluttering of the fleur-de-lis as it was hauled down from the flagpole on the battlements? Was he remembering the struggles of the long years, the disappointments, the triumphs? Perhaps he was too old and tired, too beaten down by the seeming finality of the blow, to experience the poignancy of such regrets. Perhaps he said to himself no more than, "This, then, is the end of it all," as he turned and hobbled down the uneven stone steps to the cobbled courtyard of the citadel where his word had been law for so many years.

Champlain could not guess, in that sad hour, that this was neither the end of New France nor of his governorship. In less than three years King Charles was to return the colony to France for the strangest of reasons: as a bribe to the French government to pay him the balance of the dowry of his queen, Princess Henrietta Maria of France. The amount was eight hundred thousand crowns.

Champlain received a tumultuous welcome from the remnant of the population when he returned to the city he had founded. In spite of his advanced years he went briskly to work to repair the damages of war and to expand Quebec with new structures.

In the fall of 1635 he was stricken with paralysis. He died on Christmas Day. The unhappy colonists would have restrained their tears, which flowed so freely and generously, if they had known that the death of the founder was a release from impending humiliation. As Champlain lay dying the Company of One Hundred Associates was meeting in Paris to choose his successor. Why it was thought necessary to replace the man who had devoted his life to New France and whose faith alone had kept the fleur-de-lis flying over the high eminence of Quebec has never been explained. ★

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NEXT ISSUE: PART THREE

Montreal Can Never Survive!

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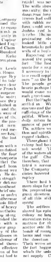

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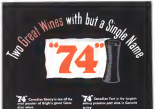

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Those Mouth-Watering Mennonite Meals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

gives me a spoon and the kettle to scrape. "Some like it better with caraway seed in but we rather have it chust plain." Sampling the mild mellow goodness, I agree that it couldn't be better.

As she works at the kitchen sink Bevvy glances through the window above it. "I look up the lane every once in a while to see if there's a horse and rig coming for supper," she says. "We love to have company drop in."

"Does it happen often?"

"Not so much during the week but every Sunday when we have service in the church nearest us people come here for dinner. Sometimes there's not so many, maybe chust a family or two, but sometimes we might have thirty-five. We never know; they chust come."

"Without being specially invited?"

"Ach, our people are always welcome. They know we have plenty to eat and it don't take long to get ready when everyone helps. Come once and I'll show you."

In a dark pantry off the kitchen she shows me crocks of cheese, elderberries, *latwarrick* (apple butter), kegs full of *schnitz*, dried corn and beans, pails of maple syrup and sacks of sugar and flour.

A Gourmet's Paradise

The cellar looks like a store. A room twelve feet square has shelves all round it from the floor to the ceiling filled with quart and half gallon jars of fruit, vegetables, jam and pickled things. On a larder that hangs from the ceiling in the centre of the room are pies and buns and cake. On the floor there are crocks of head cheese, jars of canned beef and chicken, and pork sausage sealed in with lard.

In another room smoked meats and sausages hang from the beams above us. There are great bins of potatoes and turnips. Other vegetables are stored in boxes of leaves and there are barrels full of apples.

"This is our work for the summer and fall," Bevvy says. "We like work and it makes us feel good when we have it away in the cellar."

When Bevvy's sons come from school and their chores in the barn are all done, Ephraim, aged seven, the very shy youngest in black stovepipe pants and a collarless jacket, shines up a basket of apples. Rosy cheeked twelve-year-old Amsie happily makes a bowlful of popcorn because there is company to treat.

Bevvy's merry pretty daughter Melinda, who is fourteen and dressed like her mother except that she has pigtails and doesn't wear a cap, sets the kitchen table with ironstone china and the staples that are on it for breakfast, dinner and supper. There is bread and butter and jam. "We were taught we'd be sick if we didn't eat some bread at the front part of every meal," Bevvy says. There are pickles and dishes of sours. "We may never leave anything on our plate and sometimes a little relish on a piece of *schpeck* (fat meat) helps to make it swallow," Melinda says. For every meal there are potatoes and coffee.

At least twice a day there's a plateful of summer sausage. For breakfast there is in addition coffeecake, porridge or cornmeal mush and a bowlful of *schnitz* and *gwetsche* (dried apples and prunes cooked together). For dinner and supper there is always a bowl of fruit, a plateful of cookies or cake, pudding and pie—besides soup and the main course. When I tease Bevvy about having three desserts she says, "Canned peaches are not dessert, they are chust fruit. Pudding is not dessert neither, it is only for filling the corners, and cookies and pie are chust natural for anybody to have."

On the stove there's a kettle of simmering beef broth, a pot of potatoes is boiling, ham is frying in a pan, a sauce for the salad is thickening, and in a pan of hot lard the *fetschpotze* are becoming a tender golden brown.

Bevvy's great handsome husband Sam, wearing a plaid shirt and overalls, and her sixteen-year-old Katie, dressed like Melinda, come in from milking the cows. They greet me with hearty handshakes, then wash and comb themselves at the sink.

At the stove there's a clatter of action. Bevvy puts the baked *fetschpotze* into the warming closet with the meat and potatoes. Into the beef broth she lets drip through a colander a batter of egg, milk and flour. Melinda mixes the salad. Bevvy adds parsley to the soup and pours it into a bowl.

We sit around the bountiful table and bow our heads in a long silent prayer.

Everyone reaches for a piece of bread. The steaming soup bowl is passed among us and we ladle onto our dinner plates its clear fragrant broth thickened by tiny dumplings. Bevvy says, "Grossmommy Brubacher always told us dropsy (dripped batter) soup is especially nourishing for the sick."

"But I ain't sick." Sam's bright black eyes are teasing. "I guess that's why I rather would have bean soup."

"Ach, you like any thick soup where I sprinkle buttered browned bread crumbs on," Bevvy says with a smug little smile.

"Except rivel soup," Amsie reminds her. It is made from milk thickened with egg and flour rubbed into rivels (crumbs).

"He eats that too if he has a slice of raw onion and summer sausage with."

"Ach, I eat anything if I like it real good or not; that's how we are taught not to waste," Sam says. "What soup do you like?" he asks me.

"Any kind Bevvy makes is so thick and wonderful I can almost eat it with a fork."

"More filling than the kind you buy in the cans, huh?" Sam holds his spoon like a sceptre.

"Have you never tried canned soup?" I ask him.

"We never bought a can of anything yet," Bevvy answers. "We always chust make our own."

"We got more different kinds yet than they got in the stores," Katie says, sopping up the remains of her dropsy soup with bread to clean her plate for the salad.

Sour cream and vinegar is the dressing for most Pennsylvania Dutch Mennonite salads. With finely grated onion it is poured over lettuce or spinach leaves, cucumbers, boiled *schnippled* string beans and hot or cold chopped cabbage.

Dandelion salad can be made only in springtime when the greens are pale and tender. In summer Bevvy mixes curly yellow leaved endive with the same piquant sauce—which can also be used to make hot potato salad. She fries bits of bacon in a pan till they're crisp, then takes them out and stirs a little flour into the fat. She beats an egg or two in a bowl, adds sour cream, salt and pepper and vinegar, then carefully pours the mixture into the pan and stirs till it's fairly thick. When it is slightly cooled she mixes it with the dandelion and garnishes it with hard boiled eggs and the bacon bits.

As we eat it with smoked ham and

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these precautions mean motoring safety

✓ Inspect tires for cuts, bruises and adequate thickness of tread rubber. Rotate tires for maximum tire life and dependable traction. Check brake lining adjustment and fluid level for safe, sure stops. Inspect steering connections for proper driving control. Make sure the exhaust system is free from leaks and that windshield wipers do not distort vision.

check these items — — for driving comfort

✓ Properly operating shock absorbers create smooth and comfortable riding qualities in your car. Be certain that the suspension system is in good condition; it helps cushion the jolts and jars that cause motorists fatigue. A wheel aligning and tire balance job will reduce tire pounding and increase steering ease.

now — — what about lubrication?

✓ To reduce wear and tear, cars should be completely lubricated every 1,000 miles. Crankcase oil should be changed in accordance with manufacturers' specifications. Due to the accumulation of acids and foreign matter, lengthy oil usage creates a condition that attacks and corrodes engine operating parts. Oil filter service is a "must" to prevent engine wear by contamination with sludge and abrasives.

electrical parts need conditioning, too

✓ Regular battery maintenance and care is the key to reliable performance from your car's electrical system. This means periodic inspections for correct fluid level and tightness of the terminals, cables and hold down brackets. Regular adjustment of the generator and controls will help to prevent premature failure of the electrical units and accessories. For driving courtesy be sure your headlights are properly aimed.

check the cooling system for summer driving pleasure

✓ Attention to your car's cooling system will do much to prevent the engine overheating during hot summer trips. Overheating is caused by undesirables in the cooling system which act to retard normal circulation. Overheating is a major contributing factor in many cases of operating inefficiency and engine failure. The addition of a rust inhibitor in the system will also serve to increase efficiency.

how to get reliable performance from your engine

✓ There is only one way to ensure the utmost in engine economy and reliability—and that is by regular tune-ups. This means that minor mechanical imperfections are corrected before they become major expense items. Keep spark plugs clean and in proper adjustment to assure top operating performance and maximum fuel mileage. On the average you should consider 10,000 miles as maximum spark plug life.

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mashed potatoes, Bevvy says. "The salad we like the best and one to make for whatever crisp greens you have is a real old time recipe I got from Sam's mother. For each person to be served you fry a slice of bacon till it crinkles, take it out and to the fat in the pan put one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of vinegar and some salt and pepper. It will sizzle and spit so have care for yourself; the sugar might get kind of lumpy, let it melt again, then cool it a little before you mix in two tablespoonfuls of sour cream. Now pour it over the greens and the bacon broken in with it and on top slice hard eggs or radish rings or anything else nice looking you got that goes good.

"Then put it quick on the table and it will soon be all gone," Katie adds.

"I never seen you measure it that way yet," Melinda says to her mother.

"Ach, made it so often already I chust put in what I think. Like for most things, I tell by the feel or the taste. The way we cook got handed down from generation to generation. Since I was a little girl I helped my mom and I learned from her chust like my girls learn from me. That's why it's hard to give exact amounts of a recipe to a stranger."

Melinda says, "She tells us put in a little handful of this or a big handful of that, a pinch of one thing or half an egg-shell of something else, or a lump the size of a butternut. It's always flour to stiffen enough to make a thin batter. And for soup and the like of that it's put in milk or water up to the second scratch in the kettle!"

Bevvy laughs. "Ach, well so it must be. How much you make depends on how many people you cook for. We don't like to run short on anything but we don't like to waste nothing neither."

"She usually guesses chust right," Amzie says, "except when it's brown sugar sauce for the apple dumplings and I could eat extra."

Bevvy cooks all her meats and vegetables without consulting a guide and their flavor is magnificent. She makes potpie of pigeons and rabbits and veal. She roasts beef, pork and lamb. Her gravies are brown and shiny. She fries chickens in batter and dipped in egg and bread crumbs the little fresh fish that Ephraim and Amzie catch in the river. She cooks sauerkraut with succulent spareribs. In an iron pot she makes stew and pot roasts browned with onions and bay leaves. Sometimes she has duck or roast goose bursting with savory dressing.

"But we don't always have fresh meat in the country," Bevvy says. "Only right after we butcher. We have to cure it to keep it. Some we make into sausage, some we pack solid in jars and steam it, we smoke beef and ham. What we like best is the summer sausage: it is beef and pork ground real fine with seasoning and saltpeter, then stuffed tight in cotton bags the size of a lady's stocking and smoked for a week with maple smoke."

"We can eat that every day, we never get sick of it," Sam says.

"We couldn't live without summer sausage," little Ephraim says as he slaps a slice on a piece of bread and butter.

"Ach, we could live without, only we rather wouldn't," Bevvy says. "We got all other kinds yet like *schwartamaga* sausage and liverwurst and headcheese, they're mostly made from the pork scraps but they go good with fried potatoes and pickled small corn-on-the-cob or beet and red cabbage salad."

Katie says, "I rather have *schnitz un knepp* (dried apples boiled with a ham bone and dumplings)."

"Me too," says Melinda.

"You should see these women," Sam says, "how they sit sometimes all day schnitzing apples and drying them for the winter. Or making *latwaerrik* from cider and apples and cinnamon boiled and stirred half a day till it is rich, red brown and thick enough to spread with *schmier kase* on bread." He licks his lips and shakes his head. "Oh my, but that is good."

"Still I think we're a pig the way we make so much of our food," Katie says.

Bevvy smiles at me calmly. "She knows we work hard and we need it and never throw nothing away."

Not even a piece of bread. Before it is too stale Bevvy uses it for pudding or stuffing in [illegible] spareribs or fowl. She breaks pieces of bread into milk soups. When it is hard as a cracker she grinds it and keeps it in jars to mix with cheese on a casserole dish or to brown with butter and sprinkle over cooked vegetables, brown buttered dumplings with onions and anything made with a cream sauce.

"One of our strictest rules is never to waste a thing," Bevvy says. "When the Mennonites were over in Switzerland yet they got chased around by those that didn't like their peace-loving religion and I guess they had to eat whatever they could get. Then in 1683 they started coming to Pennsylvania and gradually had things a little easier. But those that came up here to Ontario after the American Revolution were pretty poor again. Even if they had money they couldn't buy anything yet because there was nothing here but bush till they cleared the land and started to grow things.

"It's only lately since I grew up that we bought food in the stores except sugar and spices and salt. We only used what we grew in our own fields and garden and made recipes up to suit."

From a drawer in the cupboard Bevvy brings me her most treasured possession: a little handwritten black notebook in which she has copied recipes of special things to bake or pickle or can. It is well worn and some of its pages are spattered with batter or butter. At the top of each page is written the name of the recipe's donor. There is Aunt Magdalina's Hurry Cake, Grossmommy Martin's *Kuddlefleck* and Cantaloupe Pickle, Salome Gingerich's Ground Cherry Preserve. "When I use those recipes," Bevvy says, "I know chust how it tasted because most of the recipes I got when I ate at their places."

This is Cousin Lydia's recipe for *fetschpatze* (fat sparrows because of the odd shapes they take when spoonfuls of batter are dropped in hot lard):

1 beaten egg
a little salt
1 cup sour cream or sour milk
1 round teaspoon of soda
flour to stiffen

"We eat them hot and dunked in maple syrup," Bevvy says as the *fetschpatze* are passed around the table. And we all eat so many that Sam says, "It wonders me that we'll have room after this for the pie."

Pie appears on Bevvy's table three times a day. Every Friday she and Katie bake twenty pies and store them away in the cellar. If company comes on Sunday after church the pies may all be used at once; if not there'll be enough pies to last the week. Their variety is infinite: besides all the fruit, milk and mince pies there are sour cream raisin, tomato, cottage cheese, buttermilk, [illegible] ([illegible]) and some invented on the spur of the moment to keep things from being wasted.

Dutch apple or *schnitz* has various sources. Sometimes Bevvy makes hers extra rich: she places the *schnitz* (segments of apple) close together in a pie shell, then dribs over every piece a mixture of melted butter, brown sugar and cornstarch. With crumbs of flour, brown sugar and butter she fills up the spaces and covers the apples, then dribbles a few spoonfuls of sour cream on top and sprinkles the pie with cinnamon. After it's baked and cooled you wish you could smell it and eat it forever.

Shoofly pie no doubt got its name because it tempts more than just people. Bevvy says it's a Mennonite favorite because it keeps well in a cellar. Her recipe calls for equal parts of baking molasses and water and a pinch of soda poured into an unbaked shell and covered with crumbs made of flour, brown sugar and butter. Sometimes she makes it with maple syrup and calls it candy pie. Then it's so gooey and luscious that it is robbed before it can reach the cellar.

When I ask Amzie which is his favorite he says, "Peach pie made with the peelings." Bevvy smiles apologetically. "We make it sometimes with the peelings after we did the canning. You know how sometimes the peaches don't peel too good and a little bit of flesh sticks yet? Well, we chust boil it with sugar and a little water till it's almost like jam, then we put it in a baked pie shell and cover it with whipped cream or boiled custard."

Amzie rolls his big brown eyes. "And that really *schmecks* (tastes)!" he says.

Every plate on the Martins' table is as clean as if it had not been used when we finish eating our supper. Sam sits back in his chair with a grunt of great satisfaction and dexterously uses a toothpick. Katie glances at me and laughs. "You look like you are afraid you'll bust your buttons."

"I am. I think I've gained five pounds since I sat down here."

"Ach, not chust from one meal," Bevvy says.

Sam's eyes have a teasing twinkle. "If she eats with us for a week she'd be wonderful fat."

"Like Aunt Hannah," says Amzie.

"Shame on youse!" Bevvy chides. "She ain't got the frame to sit that broad."

"I'd certainly lose my figure if I ate much of your wonderful cooking."

Sam grins and pats his well-rounded belly. "I'm glad our people ain't so stylish that they care about getting fat. We chust eat ourselves till we're full." ★

WONDER DRUGS

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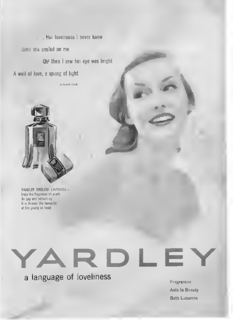
Who Says They've Got No Chance?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

(a mother who develops German measles in her first three months of pregnancy may produce a mentally deficient child) or they may have been born during a prolonged and difficult labor, with hemorrhages and other complications or with extreme jaundice due to the Rh blood incompatibility of their parents. Sometimes they are perfectly healthy infants but suffer an accident in childhood or contract a brain-injuring disease like encephalitis or meningitis. Many children in this group are handsome youngsters. It is only as they grow older, displaying little interest in their surroundings and developing abnormally slowly, that their parents discover something is wrong.

Both types of retarded child were represented that November night in Carlton Street Church.

There were Judy's parents, for instance — well-educated, well-to-do people who had been delighted when they found they were to have a sister for their first daughter. From the start, however, they found themselves worrying about her. Surely it was unnatural for a baby to be so good. Doors slammed and she didn't cry; lights shone in her eyes and she never objected. She had to be urged to eat. When she was six months old the family doctor suggested they take her to a neurologist, who examined her and pronounced the shocking truth: Judy would never grow up mentally; she



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would never be a normal girl. Subsequent testing revealed an IQ of thirty-three, so that at three she had the mentality of a year-old baby. She was a beautiful child, clean and neat and amenable to discipline, but she walked with jerky movements and she couldn't talk.

Then there were Graham's parents, bright and intelligent young people with three normal children besides their retarded first-born son. He had been born a good-looking, well-built boy and it wasn't until he had grown into the toddler stage that he didn't seem to be doing things readily. They asked their doctor about it but he told them not to worry. When he was five Graham's mother took him to kindergarten but the principal sent him home, suggesting an examination at a mental clinic. He was found to have the mentality of a child half his age.

And there was Susie, whose mother

She had been a premature baby but her mother recalls that "she never cried so we never thought anything was the matter with her." Early in infancy Susie began to show definite mongoloid characteristics. At ten she had an IQ below twenty-five, couldn't talk, couldn't feed herself neatly and stubbornly resisted discipline.

Little Arthur Slept a Lot

Eight-year-old Arthur's parents weren't there, for both were dead, but his maternal grandmother was. In fact it was she who had been largely instrumental in calling the meeting together. Arthur's soldier father had been killed early in the war before he was born. His mother died two years later, never knowing her baby was mentally retarded, and he was adopted by his grandparents. It wasn't too much trouble to care for Arthur at first, for he

and his grandmother called the family doctor, who was less concerned with the boil than with the child's peculiar way of shaking his head in his crib. He advised that the child be sent to hospital for an examination—maybe there was a growth of some sort pressing on the brain. Two days later his grandmother was told there was no growth; the child was mentally retarded.

When she asked what could be done for the boy they told her there was no known cure for mental deficiency. Air injections into the brain, suppressive drug treatments, endocrine therapy and a new environment have all been tested experimentally with no significant results. Treatment may be effective in the rare case due to lack of thyroid, and the still rarer case due to pressure or a growth on the brain may respond successfully to surgery. But for the vast majority of cases nothing can be done.

"Send him to Orillia," they advised, voicing the opinion of most doctors that an institution — such as the Ontario Hospital School at Orillia on Lake Simcoe—is the best place for a retarded child.

This was easier said than done. Provincial hospital schools provide training as domestics, shoemakers, gardeners and hired men to those considered capable of learning. However they are dismally overcrowded and have inadequate staffs, outmoded buildings and long waiting lists. The school at Orillia, for example, has 2152 patients on its books and as many more clamoring for admission, while a new institution at Smiths Falls, not yet completed, will house twenty-four hundred. A government spokesman observes unofficially that if there were six similar institutions in Ontario they'd be filled too. Today hospital schools are extremely selective in their admissions. Children under six are rarely admitted.

But however doctors may argue and advise, hundreds of parents refuse to institutionalize their children for emotional or religious reasons.

"God gave us this child and he is as much a part of our family as our other children," they say. Or: "Even the best institution in the world can't give a child a father's love or a mother's good-night kiss."

Arthur's grandparents, like most of the parents at the Carlton Street meeting, dreaded to keep their child at home. Watching the lad grow up without friends or schooling, however, they were distressed. Although Canada's public-school system maintains auxiliary or "opportunity" classes for feeble-minded children whose IQs register in the fifty to seventy bracket, all ten provincial governments legally wash their hands of children like Arthur, whose IQ is below fifty and is therefore considered "uneducable." Left at home, they languish without playmates, recreation, training or interests.

When Arthur was eight his grandmother sought a private tutor. She telephoned a friend who was instructing a retarded boy but it was impossible for her to take on a second pupil. However, the conversation developed a discussion between the teacher, the mother of the other retarded boy and Arthur's grandmother. They agreed there must be some sort of specialized training to benefit a retarded child—something that would include music and play with other retarded children.

"Socialization" was a word for what they sought. "If we could arrange it so these children could learn to be proud of their accomplishments rather than frustrated and ashamed of their failures they'd be happier and they'd fit into their homes and their community better too," they said. They decided to write letters to the Voice of the People column of the Toronto Star. The mother of a mongoloid boy about Arthur's age replied and expressed the hopes of all such parents when she wrote: "We were shocked and saddened when our doctor told us our son would be a baby forever, never talk or walk. I am hoping that through your letter and God's help we can form an organization and get a place where these children can make friends and do whatever they can do."

The following week a group met and arranged the first general meeting for parents and friends. About thirty were expected but seventy turned up. They elected an executive and named their unique organization the Parents' Council for Retarded Children.

What emerged was the common desire for education or training for their children. They wanted them to learn as much about the world as possible for their own protection. They wanted them to have supervised recreation, to meet and play with other children and

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to learn good habits and discipline by imitation and example as normal children do. They felt that even retarded children would respond to a special kind of education, with emphasis on practical matters rather than theory, if they were taught in small groups by patient, understanding teachers.

They decided to write members of the legislature asking that the Public School Act be amended to provide [illegible] for the mentally retarded. They found they couldn't get it. The mentally retarded child was apparently nobody's baby educationally. The Department of Education disclaimed him and so did the Department of Health.

The former had shown enough interest to set up an experimental community-sponsored [illegible] project at Kirkland Lake in 1947 to see what these children can do, but was far from willing to take on the full financial burden of educating all retarded children in Ontario, especially since nobody had yet proved it could be done. The Department of Health was sympathetic but felt the project was an educational matter.

Parents then spent the next year [illegible] trying to interest the government and the public in their cause. Public meetings with guest speakers brought the problem into the open. Private individuals and community organizations were approached for help. In the spring of 1949 things came to a head. The Department of Health set up a three-year experimental project [illegible] called the Woodgreen Unit, utilizing public funds. Registration was limited to [illegible] children from six to twelve, [illegible] and brain-injured. Located in a downtown Queen Street [illegible] church built, it employed three [illegible] instructors and a trained psychologist. They scientifically explored the abilities of the [illegible] and attempted to maintain a working relationship with parents.

Their Appeals Backfired

Now applying for the second extra year, it aims to discover what can be done in terms of training for a representative group of retarded children and whether results will suggest a diminishing need for institutional care.

As it happened the Woodgreen experiment included few children of council parents. Youngsters had been selected from city and hospital lists of the mentally deficient, and so the council decided to work for those children who had been bypassed. It turned to the Rev. James M. Finlay, minister of Carlton Street United Church, who found them a basement room for classes. They dug into their pockets and hired one teacher and an assistant. In September 1951 the first Parents' Council nursery school in Canada opened its doors to ten retarded children between the ages of four and six.

Quarters were crowded, there was little equipment and public appeals for assistance backfired. One mother recalls, "Every time we broadcast an appeal for help we got more retarded children." Dr. Finlay found a second room but soon it was full too. Meanwhile, two classes for older children had been set up by council members, which meant three separate classes, three sets of equipment, three times as much work.

But the results were encouraging. Graham's father expresses the feelings of all the parents when he says, "That first winter we learned many things: that our children could be given some education, although everybody said they couldn't; that they could

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be disciplined and that they could fit into society."

After a year it was evident that new and bigger quarters must be found and that a school must be set up. The council was still writing letters, sending delegations to visit government officials and urging that as taxpayers in a democratic society they had a right to expect education for their children, especially as the Carlton Street classes had produced good results. Everybody told them they were right but nobody offered to help. So again it was left to the parents to act.

They heard of an old house on downtown Willcocks Street with three stories, the top one inaccessible except through a hatch. The walls were grimy and cracked, the doors hung on rusty hinges and the whole building was badly in need of repair. The council borrowed the one hundred and eighty-five dollars necessary for the first month's rent and set to work to transform it into a school. "We figured if we couldn't keep it up we'd get valuable publicity when they turned us out," a member explains.

In the weeks that followed, dozens of parents turned up in aprons and overalls to fumigate and paint. An elderly mother said, "All my life the smell of paint has made me sick, but this time I didn't mind it so much." They took off seven layers of wallpaper, scrubbed walls and scoured floors.

Help came now from many sources. The Kinsmen's Club of Toronto East took on the job of repairing plaster. The Toronto Teachers' Wives Association bought a sturdy jungle gym for the back-yard playground. A company which employed the father of a retarded child offered to supply the school with fuel oil free of charge. A business executive donated an electric refrigerator, somebody else donated a stove and furniture and the Toronto Board of Education found teachers and even some old desks that could be used. Parents and friends who could afford to gave money and equipment, others gave time and labor.

Today ninety-two children between the ages of four and eighteen go to Willcocks School, which is now in its third year. No IQ exceeds fifty; many are well below. They are probably as typical a group of retarded youngsters as you could find, yet like any other children they are little individuals. Some do not talk at all but make their wants known by gestures; others use a garbled language of their own invention; still others talk well but with a limited vocabulary. Some display the typical thick bodies and protruding tongues of the mongolian type. The arrested development of others is betrayed by a blank expression or an unsteady gait. Some are good-looking children whose only clue to limited intelligence is their constant restlessness, the inability to concentrate for more than a few minutes.

The New Three A's

Because the Parents Council is anxious to see what can be done for retarded children who begin training early, a large number of Willcocks pupils are of nursery-school age. Older boys and girls between the ages of eight and eighteen are mostly in the three senior grades. Seven teachers instruct the children in small classes of not more than seven children to one teacher. The children spend only two and a half hours a day at school, with half attending mornings, the other half afternoons. Some of them are reading from a Grade Two reader with evident enjoyment and understanding. Several who were once thought hopelessly incapable are making progress in reading, printing and simple arithmetic. One eight-year-old boy who did not talk at all three years ago now converses easily. In general the span of attention has lengthened, speech has improved and response to discipline is better. It is possible that one or two of the best pupils may someday graduate into a regular auxiliary class in public school.

Principal Ethel Teasdall, who formerly taught auxiliary classes in London, Ont., says: "We're out of the experimental stage now. We've proved the retarded child can be taught. We use the three A's—Acceptance, Approval and Affection—and we've found they work wonders."

The big improvement is in socialization, ability of the youngsters to get along with people. Parents and teachers say the children are happier and more sociable since they started to go to school. They get on better at home, fight less with brothers and sisters, appear more relaxed, less frustrated. Some who never did anything in their spare time are now making their first shy requests for pictures, Plasticine, toys and simple jobs around the house "to help Mammy." They have not been transformed into alert boys and girls, they never will be. But severe temper tantrums have almost disappeared and many are sleeping soundly for the first time. As great as the changes worked on the children are the changes worked on the parents in terms of freedom and perspective.

Few fathers and mothers of normal children realize the emotional strain under which parents of a retarded child labor. Some have even become paranoid, others have entered lasting states of depression. All of them find it hard not to blame themselves for their child's condition, not to be embarrassed by strangers' stares, saddened at the taunts of other youngsters, ridden by feelings of remorse and guilt. They may reject the child who is both the cause and the victim of their misery, or try to make it up to him by overprotection. If there are other children in the family, often they do not receive their share of attention. The home is geared to the moods and needs of the retarded one.

Many parents do not accept the diagnosis of one doctor, or even two or three, that their child is retarded, but go from one medical man to another, using up all their savings in a hopeless search for assurance the child is normal.

Parents unable or unwilling to place their child in an institution agonize over the problem of what will happen to him when they die. Will his brothers and sisters want to take care of him and is it fair to ask them? Will he be placed in a mental hospital—and how will he adjust to institutional life after years at home? What should they do? Until the Parents Council came along these parents had to keep their problems to themselves.

Today it's a different and happier story. With the retarded child off to school, even if it's only for a few hours, a worried mother can find a moment's peace, catch up on housework, go shopping alone, maybe just sit down to the discovery that life may not be so dismal after all. At Parents Council meetings she and her husband can meet other parents in the same boat. They can discuss problems, compare notes, listen to informed guest speakers and get rid of unhealthy guilt feelings. One of the most interesting speakers was Lee Marino, the father of a retarded child himself and first vice-president of the National Association for Retarded Children (NARC), an American organization which numbers twenty thousand members in twenty-five states.

The seventy parents who turned up in Carlton Street United Church six years ago have swelled into an organization of four hundred, affiliated with the Local Council of Women, maintaining a close relationship with the American Association on Mental Deficiency and keenly interested in the achievements of NARC, to whose annual convention they send two delegates.

Today six Canadian provinces have parents' associations: British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Prince Edward Island. In Saint John, N.B., a training school for retarded children is sponsored by Beta Sigma Phi sorority in co-operation with the local mental health clinic and the pupils' parents. Quebec has expressed interest in setting up a parents' group. There's a strong possibility that provincial groups may merge into a national organization in a few years.

An unexpected boost to the movement came last year when the Ontario Department of Education unexpectedly moved to authorize an annual grant of two hundred and fifty dollars for every child enrolled at a Parents Council school in that province. At present there are Parents Council groups in Hamilton, Barrie, Oshawa, Kingston, Peterborough, Windsor, London, Welland, Niagara Dist., North Waterloo Dist., Brantford, Simcoe and Sudbury.

What the grant means is evident from the Willcocks Street project. It costs about five hundred dollars a year to train one child there, most of it paying ten taxi drivers who transport the ninety-two children. Until recently, parents paid twenty dollars a month fees, with Parents Council assuming the balance from money it raised at teas, bridges, bazaars and the like. With the grant in effect parents are required to pay only ten dollars a month, which just covers transportation. The council says the grant covers ninety percent of operating costs exclusive of taxi fares, and sees in it the first real sign of a new deal for the retarded child.

However, there are still problems and they're not all small ones. Running a nursery class for ten toddlers was one thing; running a full-fledged school for a hundred boys and girls is something else again. Ironically, some of the very mothers and fathers who sparked the council into being six years ago have been unable to reap its benefits. A few have dropped out in disappointment that it is not fulfilling their original plan of free training for every retarded child regardless of age, IQ, behavior or physical condition. There is some feeling that the Willcocks School is ignoring the older child, that too much emphasis is being placed on academic work and too little on music, hobbies and handicrafts, that even the ten-dollar taxi fare is too much for some families and that some children of low IQ are being excluded because the government grant makes a condition that children must benefit from classroom instruction.

Miss Teasdall, the principal, offers

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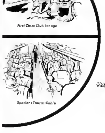

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[illegible] Mrs. F. V. Hurt, the [illegible] president. "Each represents [illegible] individual and each [illegible] has her own ideas or [illegible] needs. Treating the [illegible] intensive problem [illegible] in our hands at all [illegible]."

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[illegible]

You're in the Movie Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

producing TV films. 2. It recognized TV as a competing medium which might some day be needed by NFB for its very survival.

NFB began preparing for television's arrival well ahead of CBC. Syd Newman, NFB's former theatrical producer, was sent to New York for a year to study television techniques and requirements. By 1951 NFB films were being shown on U.S. television at an average rate of seven a day and when Canada was ready for television NFB had already acquired considerable experience in this medium. NFB envisioned itself as becoming responsible for all TV film making while CBC handled the live shows.

But the CBC inherited television under the Radio Act which gave it authority over all radio-electric communication, and it showed signs early of having no intention of sharing its authority with another government agency. NFB asked for the job of doing all Canadian TV news films. CBC, jealous of its own relative freedom from political pressure, turned down the request because NFB's non-corporate structure makes it, in theory at least, more sensitive to political influences. No CBC spokesman has ever acknowledged this reason publicly. The CBC's official reason for wanting to make its own news films is that it can make them cheaper and faster than NFB.

"The film board has to be fussier about quality than we do," a CBC executive explains. "They have a reputation for artistic and polished quality to uphold and as a film producer they have reviewers and critics to consider. Our films are strictly one-shot affairs that go on TV and that's the end. We can get away with a cheaper and quicker job."

The Squeeze from the CBC

Instead of getting a prominent place in Canadian TV the film board has been forced to accept the role of a minor contributor. Then the crowning defeat came when Newman returned from New York. Newman, NFB's television "expert," appraised the situation and promptly moved to CBC.

NFB is now contributing only forty-five minutes a week of Canadian TV time and only fifteen minutes of this is current film shot especially for television. Some film board cameramen and producers say there are signs that CBC may have ideas of squeezing NFB out of even this limited television participation. They complain that CBC now has its own camera crews doing news-feature work of much the same type as NFB's On the Spot show. And last fall when an NFB crew went to Korea for TV coverage CBC sent a TV cameraman too.

CBC authorities reply that their cameramen are doing only spot news; that feature material which doesn't require speed is being left for NFB; and that the CBC has no desire to take over this field. The CBC man went to Korea, he says, simply to get Christmas messages from the troops and nothing more.

CBC spokesmen—who, like NFB spokesmen, are reluctant to be quoted by name—add that a recent occurrence illustrates the delays which can dog NFB on spot news stories on which speed is vital. When Lester Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, made his statement regarding the U.S. request to interview Igor Gouzenko it was covered by both NFB and CBC cameramen. The NFB film was to go to New York for consideration for U.S. television and theatrical newsreels; the CBC coverage was for Canadian TV. The External Affairs Department asked to see the NFB film before it was released and because of the film board's close attachment to the Government—even in matters of operational routine—the request couldn't be refused. CBC meanwhile shot its film through quickly and it reached New York in the normal exchange of TV news film twenty-four hours ahead of the NFB version. By the time the NFB film reached New York it was a dead story.

The largely secret tussle with CBC over television is merely the newest in a long series of NFB tribulations. Probably the oldest and most explosive source of controversy over the board is the question of whether a government should be producing films at all. Opponents of NFB argue that in a free economy a government has no more right to produce films than to produce [illegible]; the job belongs to private industry. Representatives of the private film industry who look upon NFB as unfair government competition are strongly supported by chambers of commerce, boards of trade and frequently by newspapers in this view.

"The National Film Board is the most unqualified encroachment on the rights of private enterprise in Canada today," declares J. J. Chisholm, of Associated Screen News. "It is strangling what could be a valuable Canadian industry. In addition to competing with Hollywood we have to compete with a juggernaut of subsidized film peddling in our own Government. There are fifty or sixty film producing companies in Canada and I guarantee that in a short time we could be putting out films just as good and a lot cheaper than National Film Board films."

Dean Peterson, president of the Association of Motion Picture Producers and Laboratories of Canada, adds: "When the Government plans a new office building it doesn't make the building itself. It farms the actual construction out to contractors. Why shouldn't it do the same with films? Plan them, tell us what it wants, then let us make them."

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce almost annually urges the board's abolition. "Put the axe to it!" the Winnipeg Free Press urged recently, and the St. Thomas Times-Journal echoed: "Continued government monopoly in what would seem the preserve of private enterprise is difficult to justify."

Even the Massey commissioners disagreed over the film board, four of them defending the present system of government film production while a fifth, Arthur Surveyer, Montreal consulting engineer, recommended that NFB "be required to give to outside film producers ... half of its annual production."

But NFB officials and their supporters claim no one else in Canada can do its job competently. NFB producers say that because of inexperience and lack of talent among the private producers many films that are contracted out to private producers now require so much revising by the film board staff afterward that NFB might as well have produced them itself. Men in the private industry quickly counter, however, that some of the most successful award winning films distributed by NFB have been produced by private firms.

Representatives of the private industry argue that government film production itself is largely responsible for conditions which are alleged to make government film production necessary. There is little market for Canadian-made theatrical films because Canada's theatres are largely Hollywood controlled and the main market for non-theatrical documentaries—the Government—is shut off because the Government makes its own. Canada's private film industry has had to exist largely on the production of advertising shorts for industrial firms.

"If we were given the chance," says Chisholm, the Associated Screen News executive, "Canada could quickly develop an industry that could produce the quality of films the Government wants. If the film board stopped production, its cameramen and producers would be turned out to form private firms of their own or join existing firms. Then you'd have many of the same people still doing the same job, but doing it the free-enterprise way."

But one of the most stubborn parts of the recurring fight over the film board still revolves around politics, not economics and film making competence. Many people who have no personal or special interest in films argue that NFB provides the government in power with virtually monopolistic control over an information service with great propaganda possibilities. When Mitchell Hepburn was Premier of Ontario in 1941 he temporarily suspended distribution of NFB films in Ontario, saying the board was only "a federal government glorification bureau." A similar charge has been made by Premier Duplessis of Quebec.

Dr. A. W. Trueman, a former president of the University of New Brunswick who is now National Film Board chairman, points out that although

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[illegible] the trend is to furniture of steel

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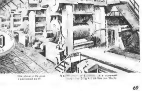

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[illegible]

[illegible] NFB production. They feel they must have [illegible] accept the NFB programs and it is [illegible] for them to substitute other films that might be more closely within their limited taste.

Grierson says that if NFB attempted to slip in a film of propaganda now it would be hooted by film critics and rejected by film councils everywhere. For there are now about three hundred and fifty film libraries in Canada which provide local film councils with a wide choice of films, both government and non-government. The libraries are maintained by public libraries, by organizations who want a film supply available for meetings, sometimes by provincial departments of education or university extension departments.

Extravagant and Wasteful

The film board proper, the nine-member board which plans each year's production program, is not permitted under a 1950 revision of the National Film Act to include any government members. Trueman argues that the board is entirely non-political and a safeguard against political influences creeping into NFB films. But opponents counter that this cannot be so as long as its decisions are dependent on the approval of a cabinet minister. And they add there is nothing to prevent the Government from loading the board with political stooges any time it wishes to.

Critics claim NFB is extravagant and wasteful in its job of making and distributing educational films of dubious value. NFB claims that for three million dollars a year the people of Canada receive a great many [illegible] films, most of them entertaining [illegible] be given a prize [illegible].

Trueman says NFB's main purpose has always been the promotion of national unity and understanding among the widely differing groups of Canada's scattered population. "We hope," he says, "that films reach the homes of hundreds of thousands of rural Canadians so that instead of knowing just their own localities these people see the nation as a whole and their place in it." He says that the prairie farmer will learn, for example, from a recent NFB film that the Cape Breton coal miner has marketing problems much like his own and Canadian unity will grow a bit stronger as a result.

As evidence of the films' value NFB officials display a thick file of letters describing developments that have followed film showings.

Lorne Munday, a farmer in Lambton County, Ont., wrote recently to say that a film on home fire prevention and survival made for NFB by Crawley Films of Ottawa had saved the lives of his two children. Trapped by fire in their bedroom while the parents were at the barn, the older child remembered the film's instruction, closed the door, plugged the cracks with a sheet to keep out smoke, then pulled blankets over themselves in bed. Both [illegible] saved [illegible] [illegible] reports that a [illegible] County, Ont., [illegible] that [illegible] on mastitis, a dairy cattle disease, had done more to change farming practices in his area than several years of personal campaigning.

Dr. H. L. Pottle, Newfoundland's Minister of Public Welfare, said formation of the Newfoundland branch of the John Howard Society for the rehabilitation of ex-convicts followed immediately after Newfoundland screenings of the film After Prison What?

The film Date Of Birth, produced by NFB for the federal Department of Labor and pointing out in dramatized story form that discrimination against older workers is unnecessary, did much to alter employment policies in many parts of Canada, according to reports on the film's reception issued by the Department of Labor.

But NFB films don't always produce that kind of reaction. The recent Eskimo film How To Build An Igloo was greeted by numerous newspapers with the query, "Who wants to build an igloo?" The Monitor, a Montreal weekly, commented that NFB should do a film on How To Build A House "because houses seem to have kept getting scarcer ever since the Government went into the housing business."

Some of producer Norman McLaren's abstract animations done to music were shown to a convention of music teachers in Toronto. One delegate jumped to his feet in the middle of a film, waved his fist and shouted, "What does the National Film Board mean squandering public money on such fiendish nonsense?"

NFB claims that its foreign distribution of films, superintended mostly by overseas representatives of the Department of External Affairs, provides Canada with far-reaching advertising abroad and promotes trade, tourist travel and, most of all, international understanding. "We want to show the world," says Dr. Trueman, "that Canada has more than a bathtub and Coke civilization."

Far-Flung Reputation

Some NFB executives declare Canadian films are more famous abroad than at home. The Most Rev. G. Panico, now Apostolic Delegate to Canada, said in an interview before he left Rome last fall, "I know Canada through books, the Voice Of Canada broadcasts, but above all through the films its government sends abroad. The last one I saw was at Lima, Peru, three months ago." NFB's foreign audience is about the same as its Canadian non-theatrical audience—a million and a half per month.

Numerous foreign governments have sent representatives to Canada to study film-board documentary technique and the board's organization. A Burmese student named Maung Maung Gyi is studying with NFB now. A U.S. film expert assisting the Burmese government establish a film board recommended that the government send Gyi to NFB for documentary training.

NFB's peculiar capacity for producing either staunch friends or bitter enemies has given it a stormy history. The Government had had a motion picture bureau producing films since World War I, mostly for the promotion of foreign trade, but Canadian films were being poorly received abroad. In 1938 John Grierson, top-ranking British producer of documentaries, was invited to come to Canada and recommend changes in the film setup. Grierson said Canada needed an overseeing board to co-ordinate the Government's film program and promote distribution.

In May 1939 the National Film Board had a troubled and faintly debated birth, for it was opposed from the start by the private film industry, though the Government had been sporadically engaged in its own film making for twenty years. Grierson headed the board as the Government's first film commissioner. Ross McLean, a Saskatchewan-born Oxford graduate on the Canadian high commissioner's staff in London, became Grierson's assistant.

NFB was hardly on its feet before films became a war weapon. Under the driving and dynamic direction of Grierson the newly trained staff began producing films for recruiting, bond selling, explaining rationing and controls, and publicizing the industrial and military war effort. Because of limited quarters and equipment the staff worked in day and night shifts.

Staunch Supporters, Too

A big storm broke over NFB's head with the Gouzenko spy revelations of 194[illegible]. Freda Linton, one of those named by Gouzenko (although charges against her were later dropped for lack of evidence), had once been Grierson's secretary. Grierson himself, blunt-talking and unconventional in his ideas, was viewed with distrust by some within the Government, and some of the younger film workers he had gathered around him were suspected of Communist leanings. No proof of disloyalty was ever established against any NFB personnel but charges that the film board was a hotbed of Communism lingered and Grierson was forced to resign late in 1945. McLean became film commissioner.

Accusations of Communism in NFB were raised again in 1949. The Financial Post reported that NFB was no longer being used by the Department of National Defence for the production of training films involving secret military information—that commercial firms were doing the work instead. The Government explained this was because NFB had not yet been covered in a routine security screening of all departments and it was easier to screen small private firms for the secret work. Opponents were not convinced and heaped other accusations on the Communism charges—extravagance, delays, unbusinesslike methods. Newspapers blasted the board. One parliamentary debate over NFB rambled through thirty-five pages of Hansard.

At this time the NFB brief to the Massey Commission argued that it should be given the status of a crown corporation like CBC instead of having a cabinet minister directing it. The Government refused to grant NFB this independence.

But NFB had staunch supporters too. When it was rumored that McLean's resignation had been requested, several delegations went to Ottawa to defend him. But McLean's resignation was announced. Robert Winters, the cabinet minister then responsible for NFB, said it was part of a readjustment to restore public confidence in the board. McLean became head of the UNESCO film section in New York.

Early in 1950 W. A. Irwin, then editor of Maclean's, was named film commissioner "to clean up the board." Soon afterward the RCMP security screening of NFB's five hundred and eighty employees was completed and Winters announced that three employees had been fired as a result. He said there was no evidence of disloyalty concerning the three, merely the absence of satisfactory evidence of trustworthiness.

For a year or two now NFB had more tranquil days until last fall when

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CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

the Ottawa City Council belatedly woke up to the fact that the Government was already well along with plans to move NFB out of its scattered and ramshackle quarters in Ottawa to a swank new six-million-dollar studio and office building in Montreal.

For years the people of Ottawa had been looking down their noses at the film board's artists, many of whom seemed singularly long-hair and had never fitted harmoniously into the staid public-employee mold. But now that the city was threatened with the loss of the thousand-odd citizens that NFB supported, its council, led by Charlotte Whitton, the fiery mayor, launched an aggressive campaign to keep the film board in Ottawa. The film board was once more embroiled in bitter controversy.

Two reasons have been given officially for the projected Montreal switch. It would put NFB in the middle of a large bilingual pool of talent—actors, writers, musicians and commentators—which can be drawn on for film production on a short-term assignment basis. Special talent is now frequently imported to Ottawa, where it has to be kept on staff at considerable cost. The other official reason is that a Montreal headquarters would put NFB close to CBC television headquarters and permit closer collaboration on TV programming.

Most of the NFB rank and file, who are comfortably settled in Ottawa and oppose the move, doubt if these are the real reasons. They claim a Montreal headquarters will make film production more difficult, because most preliminary research for films has to be done in Ottawa, where there are government experts in practically every field. They argue that Montreal's talent pool will be of limited value because few films are studio made; most are shot on location throughout Canada, using people in real-life situations, not professional actors. And they add that CBC has displayed little desire to collaborate with NFB on television programming. Other critics have ridiculed the site chosen, which is adjacent to the noisy Dorval Airport and Canadair aircraft plant, arguing that it will necessitate costly soundproofing of the studio.

Film board personnel say Irwin maneuvered the switch to get the film board out from beneath the dominating eye of the Government in Ottawa as the next best thing to full corporate independence, which the Government had refused. And they believe the Government was willing to be sold on the idea because NFB's unorthodox film makers have always been an embarrassment in Ottawa and because it looked like a good thing politically that might appease the Duplessis hostility toward NFB.

Irwin, meanwhile, escaped the controversy his strategy produced. He went to Australia as high commissioner and Trueman had become film board chairman before the strife over the Montreal move broke.

Granting its stormy history, there has been one bright development for NFB recently. During the last year or two the board has proved that on occasion it can produce enough talent to impress even its natural enemies. Most Canadian theatre-chain owners and theatrical film distributors are closely linked with some branch of the British or Hollywood film empires and, as a matter of course, they were more or less antagonistic to any film production outside Britain or Hollywood. They grudgingly accepted government films during the war as part of their patriotic effort, but at war's end the theatrical bookings of NFB productions slumped. Two things have combined to bring the movie exhibitors and NFB closer together: television and the enormous success of the NFB film Royal Journey.

Royal Journey, the film of the royal tour of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh across Canada in 1951, was planned as a normal short NFB subject of two reels or so in color. At the last minute Technicolor film was not available and NFB had to use a new color stock that had been tested only experimentally before. When the film began trickling back to film-board headquarters at Ottawa the quality proved exceptional. The new film gave excellent color reproduction under very poor weather conditions.

Producer Tom Daly put together a "rough cut" of seven or eight reels for editing. J. J. Fitzgibbons, president of Famous Players Canadian Corp., and Harvey Harnick, sales manager for Columbia Pictures, were called to Ottawa to view the unedited rough-cut. Famous Players is a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures of the U. S. and is the largest theatre chain in Canada.

Fitzgibbons and Harnick sat silently as the film was screened. It ended. Lights in the screening room came on. For a dramatic moment film-board executives waited, hardly daring to breathe.

"What are you going to do with it?" Fitzgibbons asked.

"Two reels are all we can use," Irwin answered.

"Two reels be darned!" Fitzgibbons exclaimed. "You've got to make a feature out of it."

"We can't get distribution for a feature film," Irwin said.

Fitzgibbons immediately said he would give it feature billing in every Famous Players theatre across Canada. So Royal Journey, NFB's first all-color feature film, was made.

It at once became a critical success and was shown in almost every country outside the Iron Curtain. A revealing portrait of Canada as well as a record of the royal tour, it had more showings in Canada than any other feature film ever released here. In its initial U. S. showing in Boston it ran eight weeks. In New York it ran nine weeks. In Auckland, New Zealand, theatres ran it several weeks with nothing else so that audiences could change six times a day.

New Promise in Shakespeare

Yet, in spite of its artistic success and the profits it made for theatres, Royal Journey didn't make a profit for NFB. Because it is a government agency, NFB claims it cannot charge the usual commercial royalty rates. The cost of producing Royal Journey and printing the films came to a hundred and ninety thousand dollars. NFB got a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars back in royalties.

Royal Journey hit the Canadian theatre industry just as television started putting Canadian film material on TV screens. Theatre audiences suddenly developed a new interest in Canadian films and the theatre chains saw that if they were to obtain Canadian films they would have to come from NFB, at least for the time being. Whether they approved government film production or not, the theatre bosses began using NFB films much more widely. Canada Carries On bookings have climbed from a low of three hundred and fifty a month a few years ago to around seven hundred a month today. Total Canadian theatrical showings of NFB films in 1952 were slightly over seven hundred and fifty a month; by the end of 1953 it was averaging a thousand a month.

"It's mostly a matter of business, but not entirely," says Jim Cowan of J. Arthur Rank Films. "There is also the traditional theatre man's respect for anyone who can produce a box-office hit. We never know when they might do it again."

NFB believes it may already have done it again. Its new film on the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, Stratford Adventure, will be released to theatres this spring, as another all-color feature film, just slightly shorter than Royal Journey. Commercial film distributors who have seen the unedited version say it lacks the international appeal of Royal Journey but may be just as successful in Canada.

Out of this history of storms and battles one fairly safe prediction can be drawn. NFB has grown up in a hurly-burly of strife and controversy and the strife and controversy promise to remain as long as the board itself remains. ★

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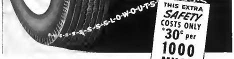

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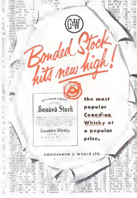
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Growing Up With the Nehrus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

were very young children we were allowed to go into her barrack instead of seeing her in the superintendent's office. The barrack was long and narrow with a row of crude beds. There were a number of women there all wearing coarse *khadi*, the homespun cloth sponsored by Gandhi. Mummie emerged from among them dressed in the same way. The scene left an imprint of ugliness on my mind.

We had always associated our mother with the ordered beauty of home. We were used to seeing her early in the morning on the veranda where she would be down on her knees among freshly cut roses, arranging them with care in the vases arrayed before her. We were used to hearing her silvery laugh float out from the drawing room on evenings when there were parties in the house. We were used to hearing strangers exclaim, "Is that your mother? Isn't she lovely!" How unfair it seemed to us that she of all people should have to go through this ordeal.

Another memory concerns Lekha, aged seven, being taken by Papu to a boarding school in Poona where she was to stay when he and Mummie went to jail soon afterward. Lekha sat in the train clutching a long pole from which waved the Congress flag.

"Why are you holding that large flag, darling? You'll get tired," said Mummie.

Lekha blinked back big tears and smiled jauntily. "Oh no, Mummie. You see, it's to frighten the police away with."

The first time we Pandit girls took an active part in the crusade came in August 1942 when the Congress Party—which had earlier decided on non-co-operation with the British in running the war—now decided to issue its demand that the British quit India. The members of the Congress Working Committee were arrested in Bombay the night before the decision was made public and, with other nationalist leaders, were held without trial, some of them for as long as three years.

Students and citizens organized peaceful processions and public meetings in Allahabad and Lekha, Rita and I marched in the processions and attended the gatherings.

Mummie sat at home torn with anxiety for our safety because at times the police fired to disperse the crowds. Mothers of young men and women came to upbraid her for her influence over their children.

"If it hadn't been for you my son would not have gone to the meeting yesterday and been arrested," cried an angry and distraught woman.

"We are all in it together," said Mummie quietly.

Her moment of supreme courage came when she was given the news that two processions had been fired upon and several people had been injured, including one of her daughters. She left the house to go to one of the processions.

"But, *Mataji* (mother) you are going the wrong way. Your children are in the other procession," said the messenger who had brought the news.

"These are my children too," she replied, and calmly went her way.

It was not until she returned home late that evening after taking the wounded boys to a hospital and going to their parents' homes to break the news that she discovered that we were safe and had not been injured during the firing.

Soon word came that the police were coming to our house to search for "seditious literature." The literature was labeled seditious because it was written by the Congress Party office. Actually these pamphlets contained urgent appeals to the people not to indulge in violence of any kind. Mummie, one of the few influential people still out of jail, felt responsible for the distribution. She had hidden the pamphlets under our mattresses, and told us to pretend to be asleep. When the police arrived she met them on the front veranda in her dressing gown.

The chief was a tall young man whose family Mummie knew well. Embarrassed at his mission he said, "We have received information that you have seditious literature in the house. We would like to search."

Mummie gave him a charming smile. "Well, I did have some, but if you mean *this*," and she drew a crumpled pamphlet out of her pocket, "I'm afraid you are a little late. The pamphlets were distributed several hours ago."

It was a gamble but it worked. "Oh well, in that case," the chief muttered, "we won't waste our time."

Soon after he left the pamphlets were actually distributed. It was not easy, because in those days the house and garden were guarded day and night by men from the Criminal Investigation Department. Mummie was arrested a few days later and, though we had been expecting her arrest for weeks, never had we imagined that it would take place as it did.

The Urchins Were Whipped

At 2 a.m. one hot August night seven truckloads of armed policemen drove up to our house to take Mummie to prison. Mummie woke us up and we helped her throw a few belongings into a small suitcase before going out to the front to say good-by to her. It was an incongruous situation. Rows of khaki-clad men and seven military lorries waited in grim silence in the dead of night to take away one defenseless woman whose creed was non-violence.

But in spite of all these measures, once more the air rang with cries of *Inquilab Zindabad* (Long Live Revolution) as it had done from time to time during the past twenty years. Once more little urchins who waved the orange, white and green tricolor of the Congress were taken to the local police station and whipped. But still little boys waved paper flags and shouted slogans in their shrill voices, for had they not been bred in defiance? On the very same street outside our house where they shouted their fathers had been made to crawl on their bellies if a white sahib was passing by.

I remembered Mummie's eyes sparkling with pride as she told us, "Do you know what the authorities here used to say? They said, 'These damned Nehrus. If we could break them it would be easy to deal with the rest.'"

Thinking back now the violent days of protest marches and arrests contrast strangely with the time when Papu was still practicing law, when he and Mummie lived and entertained like any wealthy young couple.

Their party nights were gala nights for us, for we would creep into the kitchen and demand some of the party food from our inseparable companion Buddhi the cook. Hot *kebabs* of finely ground meat blended with crushed ginger, cardamum, cloves and red chilies, flaky golden *samosas*, their pastrylike shells stuffed with peas and new potatoes or tender pieces of cauliflower, steaming fragrant saffron-flavored rice, each long grain separate from the others, flecked with peeled white almonds, meat tender on its bone, cooked in rich gravy, dripping with spices, a trayful of small round earthenware bowls of *kheer* made of rice boiled with sugar in creamy buffalo's milk and allowed to thicken. The kitchen was redolent with the pungent odors of Kashmiri cooking.

On the kitchen table were laid out the shining trays and bowls of highly polished silver, in which the food was to be served. After dinner *pan* would be served to the guests, each shiny green heart-shaped leaf of betel smeared with the paste of lime and betel nut, sprinkled with shreds of areca nut and the tiny black seeds of cardamum, and folded into a neat little cone.

Sometimes, though not often, Mamu came to these parties. Once at a breakfast party he mortified Mummie by first calling her chief guest Mrs. Hopeful and then making matters worse by calling her Mrs. Hopeless when the woman's name was Mrs. Hopewell!

When Mummie put her hand to the most ordinary meal it became a banquet. She continues to be a genius at whipping up miraculous meals out of nothing, at arranging flowers, at interior decoration and all the things that make a house a home. Even now that she's president of the General Assembly of the United Nations she continues to be the most feminine woman I have ever met, with the time and inclination to look fresh and lovely, no matter how heavy her work.

Since Allahabad was one of the centres of the national movement, it was natural that the Nehru home where we lived should be the hub of political activity. The library was used for political meetings. We children watched people arrive and leave from between the rails of the bannisters. Often the only way we could hear the arguments taking place in the library was by climbing the staircase to the roof and peering down at the select gathering through one of the blue-glass skylights.

My mother was hostess for her widowed brother and whenever a meeting was in session she would ask the members to stay on for lunch or tea. The reply was always, "No thank you so much, but we have to leave immediately after the meeting." Invariably they stayed. Sometimes when five people had been expected for lunch twenty-five would stroll into the dining room. It would then transpire that three were vegetarians of the egg-eating variety, and two of the non-egg-eating variety. One or two did not touch meat or eggs on Wednesdays or whichever day of the week it happened to be, and at least one gentleman was on a pure-fruit diet. They would sit down cheerfully unconcerned, protesting that they would not eat anything, sweet-tempered, jovial, hungry. High good humor reigned while hurried last-minute preparations were being made in the pantry. Mummie's ingenuity never failed to astonish us.

We never saw her use a spoon, or cup, or any other measure. She poured, sprinkled, mixed and tossed deftly and smoothly with an Indian woman's instinctive sense of proportion and disdain for recipes and instructions. Afterward she would wash her hands and calmly join the others in the dining room, to coax more food upon them in the traditional Indian manner.

Occasionally the strain would be too much for Mummie and she would moan, "If only someone would tell me whether there will be five people or fifty!"

A Note to the Premier

On one particularly harassing day I had gone to Mummie's room in search of a book. I found her door locked, which was very unusual. I soon saw a small white card pinned to the door with a message written on it in bold black ink. "This is to inform the public that Mrs. Pandit passed away quietly after ten. No wreaths by request."

But she could always handle any crisis whether it was a bitter conflict at the United Nations or such a matter as a serious lack of waste paper baskets. The latter incident occurred soon after Mummie was appointed a minister of the United Provinces Cabinet in 1937. She had been given the portfolio of health. All over India newspapers and magazines flashed her picture, beautiful and black haired, the first Indian woman to become a cabinet minister and one of the first women in the world to hold such a position.

On my first visit to the secretariat, exploring a corridor in search of a waste paper basket in which to throw a chocolate wrapping, I could not find one. I made my way to Mummie's office and complained about it.

"This is rather a serious matter," she agreed. "Why don't you write a note to the Premier about it?"

I penned a hesitant complaint to Premier Pandit Govind Vallabh Pant requesting that bins be installed in the corridors of the secretariat. I was jubilant when my request was granted.

The name of Vijaya Lakshmi became a legend in the villages of the

A LAMENT FOR LOBSTER

I'd like to know the reason why lobster season sidles by
With no lobster ever shown on a menu in [illegible]

Up in north-bound Montreal it isn't easy task at all
To study up a bill of fare and find a Wedgeport sitting there
Or, if a glance you scramble onto, to gorge on Blue Backs in Toronto
And there's no need for [illegible] However to spy out Rose Bays in Vancouver
But don't you try in any store from Yarmouth down to Western Shore

It's right discouraging to dine on pork-chops where the salt winds whine
Get to feeling kind of flat. Darn the lobsters! Where they at?

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United Provinces and many babies were named after my mother. She became enormously popular.

Letters poured into her office in their thousands. Sometimes they were pathetically urgent in their need for help and confusedly began, "Dear Sister: You are my father and my mother. If you cannot help me, no one can."

To everyone in the UP it was a matter of personal pride and triumph that Mummie had risen as she had. But to them her achievement was a natural thing and no more than they expected of the daughter of Motilal Nehru. Yet so new was the concept of a woman minister, a woman touring cholera-ridden districts and famine areas and doing work that no woman had ever done before, that some were still unconvinced that it was true. During one of her speeches a grizzled old peasant wagged his head in wonder and remarked to his neighbor, "It is true—she really is a woman!"

My father was a Sanskrit scholar who translated a number of the classics into English and a gifted linguist who spoke several European and Indian languages. But he was far from having the scholar's retiring temperament. He loved to swim, ride and shoot, and gardening was one of his favorite occupations. Often when serving prison sentences he planted flowers in the jail courtyard. He was eminently unsuited to a political career but he felt that he could not with a clear conscience devote himself to an academic life.

He firmly believed that girls should have essentially the same type of upbringing as boys. In a country where the education opportunities and freedom given to boys is far greater than that allowed to girls his was a rare attitude.

With his keenly poetic nature it was he who chose our names. Lekha's name was really Chandralekha, meaning "the crescent moon." My name is Nayantara, which means "star of the eyes." I was named after Papu's first client, a woman whose case he argued and won. Rita's name (pronounced 'Reeta' with the 't' soft) means "truth" in Sanskrit.

Rita was dissatisfied because she wanted to have a long name like ours. On a visit to Kashmir when she was four she heard that the Kashmiris call the Jhelum River the Vitasta. "I want Vitasta to be my second name," she announced.

"That is an excellent idea," Papu agreed, and ever since then her name has been Rita Vitasta.

At home Papu once read to us from a book called Paul Robeson, Negro, written by his wife. "Why does she call it Paul Robeson, *Negro?*" I asked. "Everybody knows he's a Negro."

"Because she is proud of the fact," said Papu. "There are places in America and South Africa and other parts of the world where a man is looked down on if he has a dark skin. He is made to feel ashamed of it. So Mrs. Robeson wants to emphasize the fact that her husband is a Negro and proud to be one."

"How silly to hate somebody because he's dark," murmured Rita, aged eight, admiring her own pretty complexion in the mirror on the opposite wall. "I wish my own were darker, then the dirt wouldn't show on my face and I wouldn't have to wash so often."

"That's one way of looking at it," Papu smiled.

On hearing the news of Papu's death after a term of imprisonment, Gandhi sent a beautiful message to my mother:

> People will come to condole with you but I shall not sorrow for you. How dare I pity you? One does not sorrow for the daughter of a courageous father, the sister of a courageous brother, the wife of a courageous husband. You will find your courage within yourself.

My father's family, the Pandits, were a respected family in their native Ratnagiri. Our great-grandmother, Gopika, fulfilled the loftiest of blessings showered upon a Hindu bride at her marriage: she was the mother of eight sons and five daughters. She was the last woman in her village to perform Sati and a shrine has since been dedicated to her memory. That was the ancient rite in which a widow burned herself on the funeral pyre of her husband.

Allahabad, our home, has changed now, become shabby and uncared for, but in our childhood it was a serene city of gracious homes and well-kept gardens. Mummie grew up here in Anand Bhawan (Abode of Happiness), the beautiful home of the Nehrus. She was brought up in the care of an English governess and educated at home by private tutors.

After my grandfather, Motilal Nehru, whom we called Nanuji, gave up his fabulous law practice to join the national movement he gave his grand home, as he had already given his time, his fortune and himself, to the nation, and Anand Bhawan was used partly for Congress Party offices and partly as a free medical dispensary. But three quarters of the enormous house lay empty and unused. The indoor swimming pool, which had been the first private pool in Allahabad, was left to gather dust and cobwebs. Nanuji built a smaller house across the road and this became our home in 1935 when we went to live with our uncle.

The Crowds Loved Him

Not a day went by without crowds of people streaming in at all hours of the day to see the home of the Nehrus, the house that Motilal had built and Jawaharlal lived in, to slide loving hands across the smooth floors and pillars of the veranda; and when Mamu was at home to shout loyal slogans until he had to come out and, with folded palms, acknowledge their greeting.

The watchmen employed to steer the crowds had never been able to devise any argument to convince people that they must confine their sightseeing to the outside of the building. And often when we were eating or sleeping, curious visitors would appear in the rooms.

One afternoon I was lying on a divan in the drawing room. It was a hot day and the whirring fan had lulled me to sleep. Suddenly a peculiar noise entered my consciousness and by the time I was fully awake its rhythmic beat had turned to thundering cries of *Panditji ki jai!* (Victory to Nehru). I got up and peeped out through the window. I saw men, women and children clambering eagerly onto the veranda.

They did not stop roaring till Mamu came downstairs and spoke to them, his usually grave face lit up by his radiant smile, his low voice asking quiet, interested questions, making humorous remarks, laughing with them.

Still listening behind the window I had a queer sensation. All at once I became one of those anonymous faces outside, gazing with complete belief and affection at the man who stood before them. The little girl behind the window was on the wrong side of it. She should have been out in the garden with those others with whom she felt a strange and sudden kinship. It was a mere accident that she lived in the house with Jawaharlal, incidental that he played with her, and that she called him her uncle.

When I was a little girl of ten, Mamu made a speech which so impressed me that I learned it by heart:

> Wherever in this wide world there goes an Indian there goes a piece of India with him and he may not forget this fact or ignore it. It lies within his power, to some extent, to bring credit or discredit to his country, honor or dishonor.

He had always been our uncontested hero and we could not tolerate the slightest criticism of him. Time and again I fiercely defended him against my father's teasing remarks. "Look at your Mamu," Papu would say. "He chases all over India like a man possessed, telling people to grow more food, but I'm the one who stays home and grows it. That is the difference between the man of words and the man of action."

Each time Mamu came to visit in those early days he would organize some new game or activity for us. Sometimes we would form a procession, with Rita leading because she was the youngest, and Lekha, Mamu and I following in order of our ages. Around the house we would march, waving Congress flags and singing national songs in loud voices.

Often we four conspirators upset the decorum of the drawing room when there were guests present. "Now we will stand on our heads," Mamu would announce, and one by one he would tip us upside down.

One rainy night after dinner at Anand Bhawan, Mamu took us up to the library with him and we took from its shelf an enormous dusty book of his Harrow school songs. Together we sang the fag song, Jerry, You Duffer and Dunce, and then When Grandpapa's Grandpapa was in the Lower Lower First. There were two large pictures of Mamu there taken while he was at Harrow, one of them showing a solemn-faced fourteen-year-old boy dressed in the smart outfit of the Harrow Rifle Corps.

Once I twisted my ankle running down the stairs at Anand Bhawan. Mummie was rushing about helplessly with a bandage in one hand and a bottle of ointment in the other, when Mamu arrived on the scene.

"What are you doing?" he enquired politely.

"Well, she's twisted her ankle, and something ought to be done about it," said Mummie vaguely.

Mamu told me to follow him. With me hobbling behind he stalked upstairs to his bathroom. On his shelves stood an impressive array of bottles and jars. He selected a magnificent-looking bottle with a red and black label and the letters P.K.L. written across it.

"What d'you think of that?" he asked triumphantly, showing me the bottle.

"What does it mean?" I asked, impressed by the lovely colors.

Mamu read from the label: "Pain Killing Liniment. Every Drop Kills Pain."

He applied some of it to my ankle and tied an expert bandage. I forgot about the pain and hopped downstairs elatedly to show Rita my beautifully bandaged foot.

When Mamu was in Allahabad the row of cane chairs on the semicircular veranda in front of the house was occupied all day long by visitors waiting to interview him. Yet he still found snatches of time to play with us and answer our many questions.

On waking in the morning we would sometimes join Mamu in his room to watch him do his yogi exercises and often to learn to do them with him. Standing on his head was a regular favorite with him and he felt that apart from being a healthy exercise the topsy-turvy position was a good way of viewing the world bright and early in the day. His breakfast was a hearty one of eggs and toast and coffee, hearty, that is, in a family where fruit and tea was the normal breakfast.

"What is all this 'cup of tea' nonsense?" he would scold my mother. "How can you do a day's work on a cup of tea?"

Sometimes, especially during the monsoon when the steady downpour of rain prevented us from going out of doors, Mamu would come upon us in the library. He would want to know what we were reading and why.

"What's that you're reading?" he asked me once.

I showed him André Maurois' Byron.

"I have a link with Byron," said Mamu. "We went to the same school and college, Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge."

"He must have been a wonderful man," I marveled. "I would love to have known him, wouldn't you?"

"No," replied Mamu emphatically. "I don't think so. I find it difficult to like him. He was so amazingly selfish and self-centred. If you like Maurois you ought to read his Ariel. It is a much better book and Shelley is, I think, a far more lovable and admirable character than Byron." He found Ariel on the bookshelves and brought it to me.

"Mamu, don't you get sick and tired of traveling around the country?" enquired Rita solicitously.

Mamu joined us on the floor. "Tired, but not sick," he corrected with his usual insistence on accuracy. "Yes

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I do get tired sometimes."

"I wonder if life will ever be normal," Lekha sighed, "and you and Mummie and Papa and all of us will be able to live like other people."

"Normal!" Mamu repeated, savoring the word as though it were as foreign to his vocabulary as it was to his life. "The fact is that we live in an upside-down world, darling, and it's no use expecting life to be easy. It is not a simple matter adjusting to such a world, especially for those who are sensitive. It is not normal for most of us to spend our lives in prison cut off from our families and dear ones. It certainly should not be normal for intelligent human beings to spend all their time and energy killing each other off as they are doing all over the world. It isn't normal either for some people to starve and others to get indigestion through overeating. All this is very abnormal and wrong but it is happening."

"That's just what is so discouraging," said Lekha.

"But there is an advantage to living in abnormal times," Mamu went on. "Such times open up all sorts of new avenues to a human being. There is adventure in living in abnormal times, so you must treat circumstances as an invitation to action."

"I wish we could do something really important to help you, Mamu," said Rita earnestly. "All we do is go to school and have lessons and horrid things like that."

Mamu laughed. "Those are just the things which will fit you for the future," he said. "They will give you a body that is strong, a mind that is as keen as the edge of a sword and a character that is firm and steadfast and dedicated to high ideals. These are all things I want you to have. There is so much work to be done, and before you know it it will be your turn to shoulder the burden."

"Do you believe in God, Mamu?" I asked.

Open the Mind's Windows

"Now that is a very difficult question to answer," he said thoughtfully. "It all depends on what you mean by God. Words are tricky things and people use them in different senses. Then they argue quite needlessly and get hot and bothered. I could write a book on my own views on the subject of God, but if you are interested in my opinion why don't you read the chapter on religion in my book Glimpses of World History. It doesn't say much, but it will give you an idea."

"One should believe in *something*, shouldn't one?" suggested Lekha vaguely. "I mean one should not go through life feeling that nothing matters except oneself."

"That is very true," Mamu agreed, "and it is important to know what to believe and what not to believe. But it is always better to think out things for oneself and arrive at one's own conclusions than to keep a closed mind and accept blindly what other people say. We should take the help of others, but unless we find our own way we can't go very far. The main thing is to keep all the windows of our minds open. The mind, you know, is the greatest thing man possesses. People who don't use their minds hardly deserve the name of human beings. Of course our minds cannot solve all our problems but they can help us toward a solution."

"It's very hard," I commented, "to decide on one's own what is right and wrong and what to believe. One could just go on thinking about it and never settle down to doing anything."

"Yes, it is hard and decision is a serious responsibility, but in thinking about all these problems one should not get lost in speculation. That would serve no purpose at all. There is a big enough job to do in this world to understand our fellow creatures and work for their betterment. One should never lose sight of this. And now isn't it teatime for my philosophers?"

As though in response to a cue a servant shuffled into the room cackling gleefully that tea was ready downstairs.

There was a continual stream of celebrities from abroad staying with us, and my sisters and I particularly remember two of them. One was Mrs. Margaret Sanger, who had come to India in connection with her "family limitation" program. During the snatches of conversation we heard now and then Rita must have pieced together several bits of information. When we came to say good night to Mrs. Sanger one evening Rita piped, "Don't you think we're an awfully well spaced family?" Mrs. Sanger was highly amused.

Sir Stafford Cripps, who had stayed with us before, came to India again in 1942. Politically the house was buzzing with speculation on the outcome of his mission. Domestically it was astir with preparations for our cousin Indira's marriage. There could have been no more strange combination. Indira, with the wedding on her mind, offered Sir Stafford "potato cripps" at dinner instead of potato chips!

My sisters and I, like our parents, wore clothes made of *khadi*—the homespun badge of every patriotic Indian. In the evenings when we went out for walks we also wore little Gandhi caps. Naturally we looked conspicuously different from the children we met and played with in the park, and Lekha did not like it. One day she came home crying, saying she would never wear a Gandhi cap again because some English children had laughed at her.

"Why can't I wear hats like they do?" she demanded tearfully.

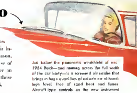
Mummie tried to explain the significance of the Gandhi cap, telling her that she should be proud to wear it.

"But you need not wear it if you don't want to," she added. "What do you think about it?" she asked, turning to me.

"Let them laugh," I scowled, my five-year-old temper rising. "I'm not going to take mine off. If Mamu can go to jail because of it I can keep mine on my head."

Mummie looked a little startled at my vehemence but it convinced Lekha and she decided she would continue to wear hers too.

For a family like the Nehrus accustomed to extravagant living the sudden switch to support of Gandhi's



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homespun campaign meant a complete revolution not only in dress but in living and thinking habits. My grandfather Motilal frequently bought his children's clothes in the most fashionable shops in London and Paris. His own clothes too were in elegant and impeccable taste, giving rise to the legend that he had his clothes laundered in Paris. This was of course untrue but it was in keeping with the magnificent scale on which he lived.

When he joined Gandhi he made a huge bonfire of all his family's foreign apparel, pledged himself to wear only homespun and to use only Indian-made articles in his home from that day. The Nehru household had always maintained both a European and an Indian cuisine and a cellar of distinction. With the onset of the non-co-operation movement the two cuisines were reduced to one and the cellar abolished altogether, for teetotalism was another of Gandhi's tenets. The vast retinue of servants was cut down and my grandfather sold his horses and much of his treasured china and crystal.

To understand how it happened that a man with an epicure's enjoyment of life could at sixty give up overnight the luxury in which he had always indulged and, following his son, could undergo a complete conversion of his entire mode of living is to understand a fraction of the mind of a nation bewitched by Gandhi.

I did not like Gandhi when I first met him. I was four years old when he was in Allahabad staying at my uncle's home. I remember toiling up the stairs to the open veranda where his prayer meetings were held. In one perspiring fist I clutched a bouquet of red roses.

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"Now remember to give the flowers to Bapu," my mother coached me, using the name by which Gandhiji was known to his followers—in India it is a mark of respect to add "ji" to a man's name.

I thought she meant Papu, my father, and ran up to him with the bouquet. Mummie pulled me toward the little man sitting on the floor, leaning against a white bolster.

"But he's ugly," I objected loudly. "I don't want to give them to him."

I stubbornly clutched my roses and scowled at him. Bapu gave his gleeful laugh and lightly slapped my cheek, which was his way of showing affection, and remarked that he hoped I would always be as honest. I backed away from him and went to sit near my father. I did not enjoy that prayer meeting. My feet went to sleep and I fidgeted endlessly.

"Why does Bapu wear so few clothes?" I once asked my father.

"Because most people in India have very little to wear and he feels that by living and dressing as they do he will be nearer to them and understand them better."

"But he didn't always dress this way, did he?"

"Certainly not," laughed Papu. "When I was a little boy I remember Bapu coming to my father's house in Rajkot in a frock coat and a top hat. He had a mustache too in those days."

I could not picture the slight bony Bapu of the loincloth whom I knew as the dapper young lawyer, Mr. Gandhi.

Snooty About Garlic

Each visit of Gandhiji's was a novel and indescribable experience. However often one saw him or watched the crowds react to him one could not believe that such a phenomenon was possible. Whenever he was a passenger on a train it was stopped before it reached the station platform. This was done to prevent the waiting crowds from besieging his compartment. But it never succeeded. An eager mob always managed to reach him, stampeding across the railway lines.

His diet was very simple and garlic was an essential part of it. Once I took some garlic up to his room in a saucer held at arm's length in an effort not to smell it.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, one of Gandhi's earliest disciples, saw me and chuckled. "Don't be so snooty, young lady. You should eat some of that yourself if you want to have a gorgeous complexion like the old man has when you're his age."

Gandhi may have been a saint and a Mahatma to his countless adorers but to Mrs. Naidu he was "the old man" and "the chocolate-colored Mickey Mouse." It was a refreshingly sane attitude in an environment often pervaded by sentimentality and cloying devotion.

Prayer meetings were a regular feature of Gandhi's day. The outstanding fact about them was their universal character. At each meeting, besides readings from the Bhagavad Gita and the singing of Hindu hymns, excerpts were also read from the Koran, the Santsahitya (the holy book of the Sikhs) and the Bible. Among his favorite Christian hymns was Lead Kindly Light. People of all faiths attended his gatherings, making them the nucleus of a universal brotherhood.

When Bapu came to Allahabad in 1941 his evening prayers were held on the front lawn at Anand Bhawan beside the fountain on which a circle of white marble fish spouted jets of water into the air.

Reading from the Gita began, and those who had brought their Gitas with them opened to the selected passage. I listened absorbed, for though the words were *Sanskrit* the verses were well known. They were the essence of the Gita's teaching and the part of it which best applied to Bapu's own life:

> Thy business is with the action only, never with its fruits; so let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou to inaction attached.
>
> Perform action, . . . dwelling in union with the divine, renouncing attachments, and balanced evenly in success and failure.

I sat cross-legged on the carpet holding a *tanpura*, a kind of cello, against me, listening to the strains of Abide With Me float through the garden, waiting for my turn to sing. The lawn had become a blur of brown and white, the brown faces of men and women dark against the white of their clothes.

It was my turn and I was so nervous that my fingers trembled as I plucked the strings, but Bapu's kind eyes looked reassuringly at me as I started to sing. My hymn resembled a psalm of the Old Testament: "Lord, without thy help how will my boat cross this stream?"

I am often asked, "What was so wonderful about Gandhi anyway? How has he influenced your country and your family?"

It's like being asked, "Tell us how you've felt about everything since you were born." For since we were born Gandhi's influence has been there, affecting our parents' lives and through them our lives. Everyone who came under the spell of Gandhi was overcome by him and drawn into his way of thinking.

He did not change the face of India but in her sleeping heart he stirred a strange longing. The humble people with whom Gandhi came into contact every day felt it, for they turned to him more and more in their troubles. To them he was no imposing leader but a loved brother, one of themselves.

People in every section of society felt the stir. Some made fun of him and treated him as a joke. Some spoke of him with respect but with a feeling of relief that they themselves were "well out of it, thank God." Still others spoke of him with a faint wistfulness, their conscience urging them to throw in their lot with him, their common sense holding them back.

When my grandfather was reflecting whether he should give up his practice at the bar in order to join Gandhi, his common sense dictated that he adhere to it. "Your movement needs money," he counseled Gandhi. "Let me continue my practice and help you financially."

"It's you I want," said Gandhi, "not your money."

A new outlook arose, an outlook indifferent to material welfare, proud of its austerity and sacrifices. Those among our acquaintances who did not subscribe to this outlook could not cease to be amazed by it. They felt that by harboring such an attitude our parents had jeopardized our entire future.

"It would be different if you had sons," said a worried relative to my father. "Sons could go their own way and earn their own living. But you have daughters, each one of whom has to be married. What will you give them when they marry? What will you give their husbands?"

"Give them?" Papu repeated. "I have, I hope, given my daughters an imperishable set of values which will last them all their lives. As for their husbands, if there are any men good enough for them they can be thankful that they will marry my daughters. I have nothing more precious to give."

A few months before Gandhi was assassinated I accompanied Jawaharlal Nehru on his daily visit to Birla House in Delhi where Gandhi was staying. I had not seen Bapu for several years. We went to a room at the end of a corridor where he was seated on a mat on the floor with a number of people around him. I took my shoes off at the door and, on entering, touched Bapu's feet. I felt a smart slap on my cheek as he pulled me down beside him and I heard his chuckle of laughter so infectious that it brought smiles to the faces of the others in the room.

"So!" he said in Hindi, his eyes twinkling. "What are you going to do now? Not too grown up to talk to me about it, I hope?"

"I want to talk to you, Bapu," I said earnestly, "when you are not too busy."

"Busy? I am never too busy. Let me know when you are coming."

In the clamor that was Delhi in 1947 Bapu remained a sanctuary of calm thought. During riots which had broken out in some parts of India both before and after the Partition he had, whenever he could, gone fearlessly among the rioters exhorting them to give up their madness. Now he was back in Delhi holding prayer meetings in the garden of Birla House every evening.

To those who listened they were unlike any talks they had heard before, for Bapu thought out loud rather than spoke. He was not a politician. He was not afraid to change his mind or to contradict himself if he believed he had made a mistake. And as always, his concern was with the suffering of

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his fellow men and how he could best alleviate it.

My own reaction was awe mingled with reverence. Could it be true that a man could talk of love and truth and goodness and apply these religious terms to politics and not be laughed at? Could it be true that such sentiments could actually guide a nation's policy? Yet in India all these things were true. I felt wonderfully elated that I was an Indian in Gandhi's India.

The last time I spoke to Gandhiji was on a lovely January afternoon in 1948. With two of my cousins and two other friends we went to call on Bapu in his garden in Delhi. We found him enjoying a sunbath. He was in a carefree mood and we spent a happy hour with him, teasing him for taking such excellent care of himself and providing himself of Vitamin D whenever he had the chance.

As we were leaving him he remarked, "It is good you came to see me today because the next time you see me will be in a crowd."

Wasn't Bapu always in a crowd? This casual remark gave us no premonition that we would never again see him alive. We never did.

Will anyone ever understand the reason why Gandhi was shot? Who stood to gain by his death? Not the assassin because he was caught, tried and eventually hanged. Not the enemies of Gandhi's teachings because his death threw the searchlight on his message more powerfully than ever before. In his lifetime he had been called a saint. His martyrdom crowned him with an even more glorious immortality.

My cousin Indira and I were having tea at home on the evening of Jan. 30, 1948, when we were summoned to Birla House by an urgent telephone call which said that Gandhi had been shot on his way to a prayer meeting. Shock enrobed us as we got into the car and hurried to him; the others, his relatives and followers gathered around his body in his room at Birla House, seemed to be affected the same way. There was silence in the room as Gandhi breathed his last.

Mamu received the news at a meeting and arrived at the scene soon after us. I do not think he realized that Gandhi had passed away as he strode into the room tense with anxiety. I do not think he believed that Gandhi could die so suddenly, so wordlessly, leaving him alone at the time when he needed his advice and help more than ever before. The group of people in the room who had stood aside to let Mamu through watched without a sound as he knelt beside the beloved body and forgot himself in his grief for a brief moment.

But what had happened was too colossal to permit the luxury of grief. When Mamu rose to his feet he had regained complete self-control and through the ordeal of loneliness and personal loss which was to follow in the days to come he was never again to show a vestige of it.

Mrs. Naidu arrived the next morning from the United Provinces where she was now Governor. Her face was haggard and her eyes glassy with unshed tears but her spirit was as indomitable as ever.

"What is all the snivelling about?" she demanded harshly. "Would you rather he had died of decrepit old age or indigestion? This was the only death great enough for him."

A Prime Minister's Home

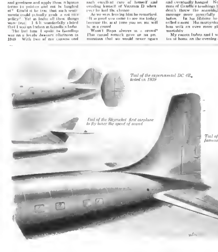
Gandhi's funeral took place the day after his death and hours in advance thousands upon thousands of people lined the route. The procession left Birla House in the morning. It was evening when it reached the cremation ground, a distance of about three miles.

As the flames of the funeral pyre consumed Bapu's body we sat around it at some distance on the ground. Members of the diplomatic corps were there and in front of them all the Earl and Countess Mountbatten seated cross-legged on the ground like the rest of us. Gandhi had inspired heartfelt homage from the people whose government had so often made a prisoner of him.

After the ashes were immersed in the Ganges at Allahabad it seemed to me that Mamu's devotion to his work was almost religious in nature though he did not like the word religion and did not consider that it could ever apply to him. His face took on a spiritual transparency like that of a monk's.

With Mummie in New York as India's permanent delegate to the UN I was again living with Mamu, the fun-loving Mamu who had once delighted in standing us on our heads in the drawing room. But now he was Prime Minister of India and I was a woman of twenty. I slipped into the job of trying to make Mamu's house a home for him.

The day was dominated by Mamu's program. In the morning crowds of homeless refugees, the legacy of the Partition, swarmed around the house seeking to voice their complaints to him. Listening to them was the first item on Mamu's schedule. Lunch was usually a late and hurried meal. There were frequently people waiting to see Mamu even during that short interval and quite often they stayed on to eat. This at least was not very different from the old days.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One memorable evening I went with Mamu and my cousin Indira to dine at Government House. During the first year of freedom the Government of India was headed by a governor-general who though British worked in co-operation with an Indian prime minister and his cabinet.

We were the only guests to dinner and as we waited in one of the huge drawing rooms I wondered at all the magnificence which the British rulers of India had carved out for themselves. But before I had had time to dwell on it, a trim *aide-de-camp* announced the Earl and Countess Mountbatten. I saw two tall attractive people enter the room and my first impression was what a regal-looking pair they made and how well the splendor of the room became them.

No sooner were they beside us however than a subtle transformation took place. They were no longer the Governor General and his Lady, the last of a haughty procession of viceroys and vicereines who had governed India for two hundred years. They were a host and hostess of infinite charm.

I recalled Mummie's remark that the Mountbattens were unlike any former occupants of Government House. They had dropped in to see Mamu informally one evening and had eaten strawberry ice cream out on the lawn. They had inaugurated the custom of throwing open the grounds of Government House once a week to the general public.

Charm is a byword among the Nehrus. Yet here was charm to match theirs. It wove through the Mountbattens' conversation a quality of warmth and sympathy, making them instantly likable.

At dinner I was so engrossed in the conversation I did not realize that dessert had been placed before us and that our host and hostess, Mamu and Indira had risen to their feet to toast the King. Never before having dined at Government House I had no idea that this was customary procedure. Hurriedly I groped for my shoes under the table and not finding them quickly enough I sprang up in my bare feet feeling very foolish.

Lady Mountbatten remarked casually when we were seated, "I always have to remember to slip on my shoes in time for the toast. I have a dreadful habit of taking them off when I sit down at table."

Inwardly I thanked her for her tact but when I went to bed that night it was with the uncomfortable feeling that I had not distinguished myself in the social graces.

I did my best, as Mamu's unofficial hostess, to keep track of his bewildering schedule of speeches, meetings and conferences. I tried vainly to get him to go to bed earlier but night after night the light shone in his office till long past midnight while more files and papers awaited him on his bedside table.

One night I was reading in bed and seeing my lamp on when he left his office Mamu came into my room.

"Here we are in the same house and yet I hardly see you," he spoke tiredly and his face was drawn. "There are so many things I want to talk to you about, darling—but when? Personal matters have to wait. There is so much work to do and so little time."

I thought back to the day when Lekha, Rita and I had asked Mamu in the library at Allahabad, "When will things be normal?" I know now that "normal living" was no nearer to us. ★

In expanded form these reminiscences will appear in a book, Prison and Chocolate Cake, to be published later by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

distractions or duties but the undeniable fact remains that our debates have an air of unreality.

Again searching for the cause of this we must agree that when a government has only a small majority such as ours the first care of the whips is to ensure the survival of the administration. The whips are like Simon Legree and we are the slaves. Sometimes in a late sitting and many divisions I think we should go through the lobby like a chain gang singing a special adaptation of the Volga Boat Song: "Yo ho ho Vote! Yo ho ho Vote!"

Off duty the whips are of course a decent lot of chaps and have even been known to show faint signs of human kindness. But it is not conducive to great thoughts or verbal splendor to be regarded as "lobby fodder." That is what we are and I agree that it is no one's fault.

Yet why, why, why have our debates declined to their present pallor? To change the metaphor, where is the cut and thrust of argument? Where is the passion that once drove members almost to personal violence? And where are the tremendous figures, not necessarily ministers, whose intervention in a debate could change its whole course?

I can remember even in my time when Sir Robert Horne, a powerful but only a private member, stood up and said that the House would not accept Neville Chamberlain's budget and forced the Government to retreat. Yet Horne was a Tory and a good one. Later on when the shadow of Hitler

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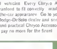
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was on us Churchill the Tory attacked Chamberlain the Tory without mercy.

And I have seen the great Lloyd George in my time sway a debate although he led only a tiny squad of disappearing Liberals.

I know the temptation of the veteran to say that things were better in the good old days. But that is not my point. Somehow there is no clash at present between the British political parties comparable to the parliaments of the past.

This in itself is odd. When the Liberals and the Tories were the two main parties they both represented private ownership and capitalist enterprise, yet they fought like the lion and the unicorn. I agree that the Irish members set the pace but the war of Asquith and Lloyd George against the Tories was more deadly if not so violent.

Even when the Irish had gone, and Labour had begun its great rise after the 1914-18 war, parliament was vital with controversy. The financial crash followed the general strike and we saw the temporary annihilation of the Labour Party. Baldwin and his premier Ramsay MacDonald led a National Government with a huge majority consisting mostly of Conservatives.

Baldwin would have liked to sit back and use his majority to fresh any moves by the Opposition but Beaverbrook opened fire on him with his Empire Free Trade guns. It was a tremendous battle in which the editor of the Express I assisted with a daily bombardment of the written word. The whole nation was alive with controversy as Beaverbrook waged his campaign with such exhilarating violence. Nor did he lack in fortune.

Now let me skip a lot of pages and come to the election of 1945 following the end of the war. Churchill and the Tories were swept out and "the century of socialism" had begun.

We Tories were only a remnant but by heaven! how we fought. We attacked by day and by night until we almost did away with sleep. But of course the tremendous cleavage was there. What we had to determine was the economic philosophy under which Great Britain would advance into the future. Eventually two general elections in 1950 and 1951 brought down the huge socialist majority and then turned it into a minority. The century of socialism had lasted for six years.

It is to the eternal credit of the British character that such a convulsive revolution could have taken place with so little damage to the nation. But men like Attlee, Ernest Bevin, Cripps, Morrison and Ede showed a sense of responsibility that transcended the noisy claims of platform oratory.

Yet why in those years of Labour rule were there such fiery debates whereas now that the Tories have a government with only a tiny majority there is this strange pallor and decline? Have the Labour men lost faith in their own creed? Is it possible that they have realized that theirs is a policy that only works in Opposition?

The explanation is not quite so simple. If one goes deeper into the matter we might find that neither unrestricted socialism nor unrestricted capitalism can ever again be a workable policy for an administration. The Labour Party nationalized the railways, electricity, gas, coal mines and steel. It has not cheapened any of these things nor has it made the workers radiantly happy.

But, to use a platitude much beloved by politicians, you cannot unscramble an omelette. We have denationalized steel but do not imagine that the steel firms can do what they like; control remains. We also denationalized road transport but private enterprise is being very coy about it. They want to know if a Labour Government would be willing to buy them out again.

As far as the welfare state is concerned both parties claim the title of Santa Claus. "We planned the National Health Service!" cry the Tories. "Ah!" say the Labourites, "but who brought it in?"

Thus you will realize that the battlefield on which the two sides can fight is becoming more and more restricted. As a cynical friend of mine said the other day, "The only difference between the Tories and the socialists is one of pace. The socialists want to give everything away at once. The Tories want to give everything away as slowly as possible."

But there remain the immense problems arising out of the international situation with its threat of war and world revolution. Who brought in conscription so soon after the defeat of Germany? To their eternal honor it was the Labourites. So there is no conflict between the two great parties on that issue.

India? There was an almost indecent haste in the way Attlee handed it over to that self-infatuated mystic and old Harrovian Jawaharlal Nehru. But the Tories also knew that the march of the centuries could not be held up indefinitely.

Korea? Attlee's response to Truman's action was brave and immediate. Again there was no cleavage with the Tories.

But what of the British Commonwealth and Empire? What has happened to the days when our opponents denounced us as jingoes and as outdated imperialists? They might call us many things today but certainly neither jingoes nor rabid imperialists.

Therefore I come back to my original argument. Where there is so much agreement (tacit or actual) between the Conservatives and the socialists how can the House of Commons be a place of passionate debate? And if there be so wide an area of agreement why go through the motions of disagreement?

Basically and temperamentally the differences are still there. You may point to a cat and a dog snoozing amicably by a fireside but that does not abolish their basic distrust and antagonism. Socialism cannot survive if it merely becomes pink liberalism. In spite of the amiability and indeed the responsibility of its present leaders the Labour Party must take the road to the Left or the road to the Right. And on both roads there are parties with priority claims—the Communists and the Conservatives.

That is the principal reason for the present unreality of the debates at Westminster. External events are dominating internal policy and not even the letting in of Japanese exports or the weakening of imperial preference can produce more than a sham fight.

There is one more contributory cause to this inertia. With all respect I refer to that immortal in our midst—Sir Winston Churchill. His retirement is openly and rather indecently discussed. One newspaper ran a public opinion poll just to show Churchill that a majority of the nation wanted him to go. At the same time there is constant discussion as to whether Eden or Butler or Macmillan should succeed him.

For all these reasons the British House of Commons is a dull place. The indicator shows that so and so is on his feet but the MPs in the smoke room or the libraries do not leave their chairs. The days of conflict will come again. Passion will let loose the flood of oratory and the battle will be joined.

But in the meantime we vote and vote and vote. ★

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Can Cigarettes Kill You?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

risen to 2.8 million. Lung cancer, like most other forms of cancer, is chiefly a disease of middle age and beyond. Ninety percent of lung-cancer victims are fifty years old or above.

Thus the most accurate way of judging whether any specific disease is on the increase or wane between any two given periods is to standardize the population figures, i.e., take cognizance of the population changes and shifts in age structure. Comparing 1941 and 1952 for example, you would find that lung-cancer deaths increased in Canada from 547 to 1,501 or roughly by 175 percent. Using standardized figures the increase could be computed at as low as 100 percent.

4. If lung cancer is caused by smoking cigarettes why do so few women get it? Statistics seem to show that lung cancer is chiefly a male disease. In Canada male patients outnumber the females by five to one. In studies carried out in England and the United States the males outnumber the females by as much as 18 to 1. Since the cigarette-smoking habit appears to be universal does this disprove the cancer-smoking theory? Or is there something in the female sex hormones that acts as a protective device for women?

This latter suggestion has been dismissed by members of the anti-cigarette faction like Dr. Evarts Graham. He has transplanted male lung-cancer tissue in both male and female guinea pigs and they grew equally well in both sexes. "There is no inherent sex factor involved," he says. He feels that the real explanation is simply that women haven't been smoking as long as men, there are not as many women smokers as men smokers and that female heavy smokers are less numerous than male heavy smokers.

The length of one's smoking history is of particular importance. Researchers have repeatedly made the observation that the lung has to be subject to irritation for twenty or thirty years before there's real trouble. But not many women have been smoking that long. As recently as two or three decades ago it wasn't considered proper for a woman to be seen smoking publicly. "But if the present young heavy female smokers continue their habits into the cancer age (between 50 and 69) we may very well see the wide disparity between female and male incidence of lung cancer disappear," Graham predicts.

There's another facet to sex differences in lung cancer. There are two principal types of lung cancer—epidermoid and adenocarcinoma. According to data collected by Graham and Wynder there is some indication that women and non-smoking males are more liable to contract adenocarcinoma. "Could it be," they speculate, "that *epidermoid* cancer is the type caused by the prolonged irritation of smoking?"

5. Air pollution may be a much more important cause of lung cancer than cigarette smoking. An impressive case can be made in support of this contention. In Canada, United States, Great Britain and Denmark lung cancer is at least twice as prevalent among urban dwellers as rural dwellers. Pathologists have long noticed that the lungs of urban dwellers are black by the time they are past middle age; only children and people in rural areas have pink lungs. In the industrialized states in the United States, running from New England to the Midwest, the lung-cancer death rate is from 7.1 to 11.9 per hundred thousand people with New York State in first place. In the southern states with regional industrialization the rate is 7.4 to 9.1. In nine predominantly agricultural states it varies from 3 to 4.4. These figures seem to support the theory: "The less industry, the less air pollution, the less lung cancer."

Exhaust from Three Million Cars

There is no doubt that during the last thirty or forty years, along with increased cigarette consumption, the air we breathe has become more impure and hazardous to health. Benzpyrene, contained in automobile exhausts and some types of oil exhaust, produces skin cancer in mice. Between 1912 and 1952 Canadian vehicle registrations have risen from 50,000 to more than three million; gasoline consumption per year from 60 million to nearly 2.5 billion gallons; diesel and fuel oils from small quantities to nearly three billion gallons; coal consumption from 27 million to 41 million tons. In addition, thousands of miles of tarred and asphalt roads have been built and dust from roads has been suggested as another lung irritant.

It has been estimated that each month 175 tons of soot, oil and other pollutants fall on every square mile of Manhattan. The same would be relatively true of cities like Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Windsor and Hamilton. Extracts prepared from the soot of twelve American cities produced cancer in mice at the point of injection.

But men like Graham and Wynder, Doll and Hill still feel the critical factor in lung cancer is cigarette smoking. "The urban-rural difference in the lung cancer rate can probably be explained by the difference in smoking habits," says Dr. Wynder. Doll and Hill noted that smokers in the city were twice as numerous as those in rural areas; furthermore they smoked more and they tended to smoke cigarettes more than pipes. Two of the largest tobacco companies in Canada estimate that the average urban cigarette smoker consumes twice as many cigarettes as his rural counterpart.

6. The increase in lung cancer may be due almost entirely to lung irritants which the industrial worker is exposed to at his work. In the past three or four decades factories have turned out hundreds of new products employing new substances and new processes. Human contact with new substances might ultimately lead to cancer. "The cause of 99 percent of all human cancers remains unknown," says Dr. W. C. Hueper, a U.S. Public Health Service authority on carcinogenic substances. He lists 27 substances found in industry that either definitely or allegedly cause it.

Industry Fills the Air

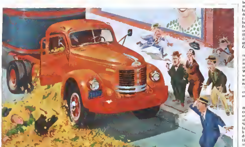
Six substances are mentioned in connection with lung cancer. According to Hueper it has been definitely established that exposure to chromates and radioactive substances may lead to lung cancer. On the suspected list is arsenic, asbestos, mineral oil, mists, nickel carbonyl and beryllium.

With complete data lacking, the amount of lung cancer caused by these agents is unknown but it may be alarming. Chromium is used in the manufacture of armor plate, projectiles, axles, springs, cutlery, stainless steel processing, pigment in certain inks, paints, enamels, etc. Many workmen come in contact with chromium dust. A detailed study in a German chromate plant showed a lung-cancer rate among the workers four times as great as the general population. Similarly an above-average rate of lung cancer has been observed in U.S. chromate factories.

Or consider the possible dangers of breathing arsenic fumes and dusts. In Deer Lodge County, Mont., where a large proportion of the male population works at smelting copper ore which requires the use of arsenic, the lung-cancer death rate is 145.7 per hundred thousand population. In the same state, in the agricultural county of Gallatin, the rate is only 5.2 per hundred thousand. Hueper comments, "The relatively large number of cases of cancer caused by industrial hazards seen in a comparatively short time indicates the possible extent of this danger."

7. The fact that tobacco tar rubbed on the back of a mouse produces skin cancer doesn't mean that a human being who inhales cigarette smoke will necessarily get lung cancer. The body chemistry of a human differs from that of a mouse; the skin of a mouse's back is different than human lung tissue. Again every animal species has its own peculiarities. Benzidine, a chemical which produces bladder cancer in man, fails to affect dogs but causes it in mice and liver cancer in rats. A mouse exposed to ultra-violet rays will break out in skin cancer but not so a rabbit. Although it is accepted that arsenic can cause skin cancer in a human it has not been demonstrated clearly that the same can be done with mice, rabbits, dogs or fowl.

Certain tars will give skin cancer to



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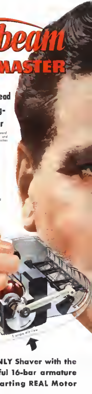

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mice and rabbits but monkeys are immune and rats all but resistant. To further complicate matters certain strains within the same species have a varying susceptibility to disease.

On the other hand, much has been learned about human cancer from laboratory animals. At the beginning of the century technicians handling a new invention, the X-ray machine, began breaking out in virulent skin cancers. In the laboratory it was shown that rats had the same reaction. When dye factory workers in North America and Europe began developing cancer of the bladder the offending substance was identified by its ability to rouse cancer of the bladder in dogs. Certain coal and petroleum substances cause skin cancer in men and mice alike.

Many laymen have asked, "Instead of rubbing tobacco tar on their skin, why not have the mice inhale tobacco smoke and then test their lungs?" This has been tried but so far has proved nothing. Short of teaching mice how to puff on a cigarette it is evidently impossible to duplicate the human smoking experience in an animal.

All parties in the big debate about the guilt or innocence of the cigarette are agreed about the next necessary steps in research: find out exactly what substances make up cigarette smoke, determine which if any are harmful, then manufacture cigarettes without these agents in them.

How About Filter Tips?

This is more complicated than it sounds. At the New York University Institute of Industrial Medicine the job is being undertaken by a scientific team headed by Dr. Norton Nelson, pathologist W. F. Smith and chemist Alvin Kosak. The team has recently set down a complete list of the chemicals and compounds in cigarette smoke. 45 substances have been definitely identified while the presence of 35 others is suspected. The task ahead is to isolate each and test it on animals.

It may be that the cancer-producing agent in cigarette smoke isn't in the tobacco leaf itself but in one of the many substances added by tobacco growers and manufacturers. Arsenic, which is highly suspect as a carcinogen, has been found in tobacco tar. This is the result of using arsenate compounds as insecticides for tobacco crops. Tobacco companies add various substances to cigarettes for fragrance, better burning, moisture and adhesion. Could one of these be the culprit? Glycerin, a thick sweetish substance often used, gives off acrolein when it burns—a gas prepared for chemical warfare during World War I. Acrolein is on the list of possible substances present in tobacco tar. Instead of glycerin some manufacturers substitute diethylene glycol. Because of its high burning point it is believed that this compound is consumed by the smoker in its whole state. It is highly toxic.

How much protection is afforded by a filter-tip cigarette? Perhaps the most authoritative statement comes from the chemical laboratory of the American Medical Association. The performance of the average filter tip was unimpressive. It removed only nine percent of the nicotine and five percent of the tar from the main stream of smoke. If you replaced the filter tip with an equivalent length of tobacco this would remove eight percent of the nicotine and eight percent of the tar. It is possible to construct filters which are much more efficient. But one company that tried it was forced to remove its product from the market: the filter was so tightly packed that the smoker had to puff like fury to pull any smoke through it.

What of cigarette holders with removable filter cartridges? The chemical laboratory of the AMA found that many of these filters removed more than half the tar from the first cigarette, but after five or six cigarettes, as the filter became saturated, it became less efficient. The cigarette holder had definite disadvantages. Smokers tended to smoke their cigarettes right down to ash instead of leaving a one-inch butt as they formerly did. This meant they were inhaling tar which was formerly thrown away. Again the hard mouthpiece of the cigarette holder serves as a nozzle concentrating the smoke on a small area of the mouth. This can lead to irritation more easily than smoking a cigarette in the usual way. Perhaps the greatest disadvantage of all the filter tips and devices on the market is that they give the smoker a false sense of security. "All cigarette filters remove something," one scientist told me. "But do they remove enough to make any real difference if cigarettes are harmful?"

The most efficient of all filters for smoke is the old Arabian "narghile" or "hookah," which consists of a pipe with a flask of water inserted between the bowl of tobacco and the mouthpiece. Even better than that, of course, is the human lung with its 1,500 square feet of spongy absorbent surface.

An Italian scientist once observed, "Research is a game of chance in which the probability of error is great and that of discovering the truth small." This comment can well be applied to man's search to discover both the causes of cancer and the possible harmful effects of smoking tobacco. At one time or another cancer has been attributed to heredity, chronic irritation, virus, bacteria, air pollution, birthmarks, meat eating, milk drinking, the use of aluminum pots, drinking strong liquor, electrical refrigeration and immoral sexual behavior.

As for tobacco, it has been accused of producing loss of speech, hallucinations, liver trouble, stunted growth, miscarriage among women, black spots in front of the eyes, meningitis and paralysis of the fingers. F. H. Harriman, an American multi-millionaire, fifty years ago refused to hire smokers, saying, "We might as well go to the insane asylum looking for men as employ cigarette smokers."

Today, from the evidence on hand, it is not unreasonable to accept the explanation that cigarette smoking has some relationship to cancer of the lung. But the answer to just how important it is compared to some of the other suggested causes has yet to be provided by scientific research. ★

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Manitoba's Music

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

followed by twenty tenors all singing I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby. The program, faithfully patterned after a number of old British musical festival programs, required competitors to sing or play the same piece of music, a system still in use which gives a sound basis for comparisons at the expense of audience appeal. The first festival drew only 2,000 people and aroused small interest.

With the Men's Musical Club working diligently to stimulate interest, particularly in the field of school choirs, which the sponsors noticed drew the largest crowds, the festival soon had to move to a larger building and settled on an inelegant structure with sawdust on the floor next to a freight yard. The building belonged to the Winnipeg Board of Trade. Most of the festival committee were members of the board. Until 1933, when the 4,000-capacity auditorium was built, singers gallantly raised their voices against a background symphony of hissing steam pipes and shunting trains.

OCCUPATION: HOUSEWIFE

My work isn't clever
Nor glamorous ever
It wins no cheers from the gallery
It troubles and tires me
And seldom inspires me
This also is true of my salary

JOYCE CARLILE

Pioneers of the Manitoba Festival were the late George Mathieson, who was its secretary from the beginning until 1944 and was then president until shortly before his death three years ago, and George Price, a former member of an English choir, who drew up the bylaws and regulations severely on British models. Mathieson, who has been called "the father of music festivals in Canada," helped form festivals across Canada and was the first honorary president of the Federation of Canadian Music Festivals.

The founders selected as their motto "Not to gain a prize or defeat a rival but to pace one another on the road to excellence." In spite of the constraint in the sentiments the Manitoba Music Festival has started some resounding careers. Zara Nelsova, a world-famous woman cellist, played for the first time in public in the 1928 festival. A small auburn-haired nine-year-old, she played Campagnoli's Romanza and was stunned by the prolonged applause. The judge awarded her 99 points. With her sisters, Ida and Anna, she also played a Beethoven trio. The girls had been taught by their father, a violinist in a movie-theatre orchestra. Winnipeg raised enough money by public subscription to send the girls to London to study and they became known all over England as "The Canadian Trio." Zara alone continued professionally.

The Trepel sisters, Freda, Shirley and Anne, won an award in 1933 for violin, cello and piano. Shirley is now first-desk cellist with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and Freda, a pianist, has made concert tours in North America and Europe. She is the wife of Walter Kaufmann, conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra.

The best known of all the festival's protégées is Donna Grescoe, who won the highest praise of any contestant in the festival's history. After she played two movements of a Bach violin concerto in 1940 the judge, Bernard Naylor, a British composer and former conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, commented that her performance had been a "surprising, remarkable and shattering thing." Two years later when another British composer, Arthur Benjamin, also exclaimed over her, the Winnipeg Tribune sponsored a public subscription which enabled her to study in New York.

Mary Morrison, soprano with the CBC Opera Company; Belva Boroditsky, who last year won second place in the International Music Festival at Geneva; and Gladys Kriese, who last year won a Chicago Theatre of the Air career contest, have all won the festival's Rose Bowl for the best singer.

But the festival produces a quantity of heartaches, headaches and earaches along with its triumphs. All through the winter, school, business office and church choirs concentrate on the festival and practice for it until they are breathless. Military bands, collegiate and studio orchestras rehearse at queer hours of the day and evening; amateur composers stare dolefully at the snowdrifts in search of inspiration; flautists, violinists, cellists, pianists, accordionists, tenors, basses and sopranos are flogged on by amateur and professional teachers and their mothers with cries of "the festival is only weeks away!"

In 86 Winnipeg schools, teachers with tuning forks gather up the pupils least likely to sing flat and rehearse for the Earl Grey Trophy awarded every spring to the best school choir in the city. Kelvin and Daniel McIntyre high schools each enter choirs with 250 voices and they are so evenly matched that sometimes only one point separates them.

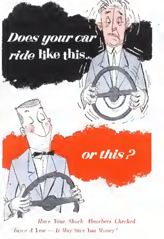
Almost every child in Winnipeg's schools has a chance to compete in the festival for a trophy donated in 1924 by Daniel McIntyre, a former superintendent of schools. This trophy, the second highest award for public-school choirs, goes to classroom choirs which must consist of 75 percent of the children on the roll and must have the teacher for conductor. One such teacher, Glen Harrison, a twenty-four-year-old who used to sing in a school choir himself, has developed a theory that practices for the festival shouldn't start until the middle of February.

"Starting the festival pieces too early is fatal," he explains. "The children lose their zest. I generally start with them in class, running over notes, getting their harmonies. Two weeks before the festival we'll practice every noon hour; they bring their lunches."

While the majority of the contestants come from Winnipeg, a third of the province sends its best to the big festival, many of them winners at the some twenty other Manitoba music festivals. Last year 37 rural Manitoba towns were represented and three in Ontario. Throughout the years Alberta, Saskatchewan and North Dakota have sent competitors. The University of North Dakota has sent its glee clubs.

One year a school choir from the small community of Elm Creek got up at dawn, drove over bad roads to reach the festival in time to sing, ironically, "I'm a lazy robin . . . I have not a weeny teeny tiny cent." An Indian school in Kenora, 140 miles east of Winnipeg, once sent an Ojibway band to play a selection from Iolanthe. The Winnipeg Day School for the Deaf and the Institute for the Blind have entered children's percussion bands. In 1949 a sleeping-car porter on the CNR run from Montreal to Halifax sang the high priest's song from The Magic Flute.

The school choirs present their nearly



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exhausted teacher-conductors with a neat psychological problem—they must be severe enough to calm the nearly hysterical excitement and frivolous enough to relax the tension. One teacher recalls the big event with mixed emotions. "The choir goes through the motions of its normal school lessons in the morning until eleven o'clock when they have another practice and go home to have lunch and change.

"After lunch they run through their songs again and I give them a pep-talk. Then they present me with a corsage and we leave for the auditorium in a bus. That's when it starts. They line up outside after they've first run around in circles until they calm down. Inside they are so excited that they are completely trotting in and out. You don't know what to tell them. You're in a dilemma.

"Then you catch them imitating other conductors, some of whom are like animated windmills, and you try to restrain that. If a choir ahead of them handles their song differently they ask me anxiously if they should, say, take the pause the same way. I say, 'No, do it the way you were told' and hope they'll remember."

On stage some of the teachers try to help the children relax by telling them a joke. Sometimes this backfires—the children start to giggle and can't stop.

The Judges Are the Stars

The festival has produced considerable comedy, the best-remembered bit of which was a duet by a big basso and a small tenor, the dialogue from Handel's Samson. Neither knew the music by memory and they had to share a single copy of the piece, handing it back and forth. This worked poorly and near the end the tenor was so occupied with his own part that he was oblivious to the efforts of the basso to see the score. "Go, baffled coward, go," he was thundering. The basso turned on his heel and left the stage.

George Waugh, festival vice-president who acts as doorman for the evening session, recalls the time a small urgent boy tried to get past him just as the first of two competitors in a piano class was going to the platform. "You can't go in, you know, until the class is over," Mr. Waugh told the boy, who began to pace up and down the corridor until the piece was finished. Then he rushed for the door again. "You can't go in until the other competitor has played," Mr. Waugh insisted. "But I've got to get in," cried the boy. "I'm the other competitor."

In spite of the glory that accrues to the singer who wins the Rose Bowl or the instrumentalist who wins the Aikins Memorial, the real stars of the festival are the judges. Weeks before they arrive Winnipeg buses carry placards announcing that "Four Eminent British Adjudicators" will grace the festival. For the period of the festival they are the biggest celebrities in Winnipeg and there is considerable social activity in their honor.

Their job is a tedious one. One year 92 girls sang Wiseman's White Birds in a four-hour session that severely taxed the judges' admiration for Wiseman. "Ten White Birds would have been enough for him," sighed William Glock, British musicologist and pianist, who wearily commented at the close of the 1951 festival: "On the first morning I judged 83 young pianists playing the same piece. Then I listened to 35 preludes and fugues of Bach, 70 pieces at another session and 30 Beethoven sonatas at another."

Just before the 1954 festival an official looked over the staggering list of entrants—nearly a hundred pianists in one class—and observed dolefully, "The adjudicators are going to drop dead this year."

The judges are required to "work like hatters." Sir Hugh Roberton, conductor of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir and five times a judge of the Manitoba Festival, once observed enthusiastically, "The telephone rings and rings and rings—newspapermen, fond parents, singers, conductors, would-be hosts and hostesses, secretaries of clubs and societies, all sorts of cranks.

"It starts as early as eight in the morning. A lady rang me up at that hour one morning to ask me, of all things, how she should go about the business of collecting Canadian folk songs. I advised her to tackle the job by automobile."

The judges attend dinners given by the Manitoba Registered Music Teachers' Association where they answer technical questions like what to do when a singer's high notes are husky or what is the attitude of British school authorities toward music. They address women's clubs and service clubs and sometimes get a chance to view the city from the top of the Fort Garry Hotel.

The judges' remarks following each class in the festival, when technique and interpretation are discussed along with tone, security of pitch and such fine points as ability to hold an audience, are generally dispassionate, but festival audiences will never forget the comments of one judge, John Goss, conductor of the London Singers, who announced bitterly after the close of an opera aria class in 1940: "This afternoon between two-thirty and what seemed to me doomsday I heard some screeches and howls which I could hardly believe could emerge from a human throat. I would not have been surprised if the local police had suddenly appeared and stopped the medieval cruelty."

More often the judges are amused. After a very young school choir had finished, a judge observed, "Some of the singers are so small I expected them to be brought in a bassinet." Roberton, a bald and goateed audience favorite, once told a choir that if he had known they were going to wear red bows in their hair he would have tried to put one in his own. A small girl took hers off and offered it to him. Another judge complimented a wartime audience on the number of women who appeared to be knitting for the troops. A few days later a boys' choir came in to compete, produced needles and balls of wool and followed suit.

Controversy which has accompanied the festival since its beginning in 1919—when a church choir entered a formal protest against the award of a shield to another choir—naturally swirls most fiercely around the judges. A few years ago a prominent instrumental teacher withdrew all his pupils from competition because he disagreed with the judging. Two years ago a defeated violinist left the auditorium in a fury. It was the last time she said she would ever compete.

Another controversy raged over the admission into the festival of accordions, which some officials didn't feel were musical instruments at all. Three years ago they were admitted and this spring 124 accordionists entered the competition. "One of our reasons for letting them in," explained an official, "is to bring them in contact with the finest type of music in all its phases."

The strongest feeling generated by the festival is reserved for its almost exclusively British character. Its motto, "not to gain a prize or defeat a rival but to pace one another on the road to excellence," is British; its judges are brought in at considerable expense each

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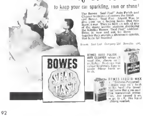

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year from Great Britain and its sponsors are the 150 men of the Men's Musical Club, almost every one of whom is British by birth. The songs chosen for the competition are so invariably British folk songs that Strawberry Fair, Road to the Isles and Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers have come to be known over the years as "festival songs."

A group of younger choral conductors in a movement too discreet to be termed an insurrection have been introducing American and Canadian folk songs and modern arrangements of British folk songs by Benjamin Britten. The novelties were criticized by the judges at first but have been accepted in recent years.

Last year a winning school choir sang where the brown blue handkerchief tied undeh, tied undeh, tied undeh youah chin. This was another skirmish in what might be called the "Battle of the R." As early as 1927 the Free Press took exception to a British judge insisting on the English r in an editorial under the head Well Rather. "How," it asked, "are we going to ask Canadian children to sing about the Canadian beaver?"

T. A. Durkin, Winnipeg pianist, composer and professor of English at the University of Manitoba, last year made a CBC broadcast which inferentially criticized festival adjudicators. "It may be true, I say, although I doubt it, that one cannot sing the finest English songs perfectly without an English accent," he stated. "But hordes of Canadian children who have been through the festival will remember with distaste the various kindly attempts to make them forget their bad local habits of speech." The Canadian r is a particular bugbear of the ladies who prepare children for the festival.

They Shoot Water Pistols

Among the judges Robertson considered the Canadian r ugly and protested against the sound of "floorrs and barrrs" for flowers and how "errm." Nor did Canadian Sir Ernest MacMillan like it much. Robertson also urged one school choir to keep "the flag of pure vowels flying." Other judges criticized the Canadian "t" which made "priddy" out of "pretty." "It is you, teachers," cried one judge eloquently, "who are developing the choral singing of the future and you must weed out these colloquialisms now."

All of these outcries are welcomed by the audiences as spice in a loaf that is otherwise laden with repetitious music. Many in the audience are housewife mothers, sometimes with small squirming babies on their laps. Some are girls from downtown offices who attend the twilight sessions after work. For years the late Judge H. A. Robson slipped into the afternoon sessions to hear the school choirs when his court wasn't in session.

But half of the audience is children, all of them in the same mood of garrulous excitation that grips them at a cowboy matinee. They noisily choose a seat, take off their coats and put their feet up, spot a friend across the balcony, put their coats back on and change seats.

They also cut [illegible] of crackling wax paper cartons, shoot water pistols when an early thaw provides puddles for refueling, throw spitballs, search the rows behind them with elongated dime-store periscopes and the balcony across the way with bulky field glasses which they fuss with for hours to get focused. They get mirrors and reflect the lights so they glare in the eyes of some one waiting to sing. They read comic books, passing them along the rows as they finish. They munch gum noisily.

Margery Nunn, head of the balcony ushers, has devised a penalty box, the first row of the second balcony, for the worst offenders. Miss Nunn, a former piano student, lost her right arm at the age of 25 and was helped to find left-hand music by one of the festival judges. One year she entered the festival and took second prize in a concert piano class.

"In spite of all the apparent disinterest the children show," Miss Nunn remarks, "you can hear them humming and whistling the pieces they've heard when they come out. That's where the festival is doing a great thing. There are lots of kids who don't get a chance to hear good music otherwise."

Most of the festival's fifty-member general executive comes from the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, a condition which results from the enthusiasm of founder George Mathieson, who was once president of the exchange and called on his friends to help him.

The festival is supervised by five businessmen whose hobby is music: Reginald Hugo, the president and a bridge engineer with the CNR; Richard Cooke, secretary and official of a printing company; James Seaton, treasurer and official of the Grain Exchange; George Waugh and Ronald Gibson, both vice-presidents. Gibson is the only full-time musician of the five; he is head of the department of music at the University of Manitoba.

The festival calls on about 550 volunteers each year to be platform marshals, ticket sellers, doorkeepers, program sellers, ushers and clerks. Most of the help comes from the Central Volunteer Bureau, a funnel through which pours Winnipeg's club women. Retired schoolteachers, high-school students and Boy Scouts sell programs at the evening sessions, which are staffed by the Men's Musical Club.

Many festivals all over the world are either influenced or modeled directly on Manitoba's supermarket-sized package. A single day's mail some years ago at the festival headquarters in Winnipeg once brought requests for information and advice from Glasgow, London and Chesterfield, Eng.; Invercargill, New Zealand; Sacramento, Calif.; Tufts College, Mass.; Victoria, Vancouver and Kelowna, B.C.; Lethbridge, Edmonton and Calgary; Saskatoon and Regina; Fort Frances, Port Arthur, Merivale and Stratford, Ont.

As festival judge Sir Hugh Robertson once wrote in some wonderment: "On the prairies there is not only a musical culture of a high kind but a hunger for it." In the spring culture is a word for the Manitoba Festival. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

of possible "subversives." This has put such a burden on the investigating agencies of the United States that cases are held up for months and even years without decision.

Eighteen months ago a large group of Canadian delegates went down from British Columbia to a convention of the International Woodworkers of America in Portland, Ore. The IWA used to be a Communist-run union before it cleaned house a few years ago, so the U.S. Immigration officers were on the alert when Canadian delegates went through.

Seven were stopped at the border, more were questioned but the seven were kept out altogether. The labor convention passed a resolution in protest which duly found its way to Ottawa. M. J. Coldwell, CCF leader, took the matter up with External Affairs. External Affairs wrote to the U.S. State Department, which undertook to find out why the seven Canadians were on the Immigration black list.

All that took place more than a year ago. Last month External Affairs got the first word as a result of its enquiry. Five of the seven cases had been decided one way or the other, but two were still under investigation after a year and a half.

Of course it is the United States' own business whom to let in and whom to keep out of U.S. territory, but the delay is vexing, and sometimes more than vexing. Among these seven men was one, not a Communist, who let the incident so prey on his mind that he committed suicide before the Immigration authorities got around to making up their minds about him.

The recent revival of this episode reminded Tom Barnett, now CCF member for Comox-Alberni, of a side light that happened at the time.

Barnett was not then a member of parliament but he was a well-known CCFer and an IWA delegate from Vancouver Island. He drove down with a party of about ten, and went through the U.S. Immigration enquiry without a hitch.

One of the party, however, produced a wallet which the Immigration officer proceeded to examine, and one of the items in the wallet was a membership card in the Liberal Party. The unlucky Liberal was then detained for a considerable time while he endeavored (successfully in the end) to convince the Immigration authorities that in Canada, at least, there isn't necessarily anything subversive about being a Liberal.

RECENTLY our other neighbor, the Soviet Union, extended a rather heavy hand of propaganda in Ottawa for the first time since the war. The new Russian ambassador, Dmitri Chuvakhin, called an unprecedented press conference at the Soviet Embassy to urge "restoration of normal trading relations between two neighboring countries, Canada and the USSR."

It was a queer evening all round. The press conference wasn't announced in the usual way to begin with; reporters were invited by telephone individually, which resulted in some curious omissions and some equally curious inclusions. No one could figure out what standard, if any, they used to separate the sheep from the goats (or indeed which were which).

Mr. Chuvakhin is a middle-aged, middle-sized, middle-class type who looks like the program chairman of a Rotary Club. He has a genial expression, a quick smile and a firm handshake. His English is quite adequate for social purposes but a bit shaky for public discussion. Accordingly he read a prepared statement in English but took the questions through an interpreter.

The interpreter was Vladimir Bourdin, the handsome first secretary whom some people regard as the man really in charge at the Soviet Embassy, and whose English is almost as faultless as his diplomatic manners. It was he who actually answered reporters' questions after colloquies with the ambassador in Russian. The method has other than purely lingual conveniences for dealing with embarrassing questions.

Practically all the questions turned out to be a little embarrassing. What, for example, did the Soviet Union wish to buy from Canada?

THE AMBASSADOR didn't know. There would be a trade representative arriving in Canada shortly who would know all these details. Under questioning, though, Mr. Chuvakhin thought Russia might buy some wheat, meat, hides and butter from Canada. (All of these things are produced in the Soviet Union and used to be important exports.)

Would textiles and farm implements be included?

"Not excluded," said the ambassador, beaming.

By the way, why should the Soviet Union be interested in buying Canadian ships, as the ambassador had said in his prepared statement? Canadian ships were among the most expensive in the entire world; the Russians could buy them much more cheaply in Britain or West Germany. Why come all the way to Canada to pay a higher price?

"Perhaps we could settle these details at trade negotiations. I believe your shipbuilders are anxious to sell."

What was the reason for this sudden development of Soviet interest in trading with Canada? What caused the new policy?

"Not a new policy, but a continuation of old policy to expand Soviet trade with all countries."

All right, an old policy. What exactly had the Soviet Union done in the last five years to carry out this old policy?

After a long colloquy in Russian the first secretary said: "Mr. Ambassador doesn't remember any special negotiations in last five years."

What was the target figure the Soviet Union had in mind for the volume of trade that might be built up in, say, five years?

"That question could be fully answered by the trade representative who is arriving shortly."

Would this trade representative be a new man on the embassy staff, the first we'd had since the war?

"Oh no. Third or fourth since war."

Nobody asked what the other two or three trade representatives had been doing. (The volume of Canada's trade with Russia last year was $240.) Instead Norman Campbell of the Toronto Telegram opened up a new line of questioning.

"Could a Russian citizen buy directly from Canada? For instance, if you were to go back to Moscow and want to buy some Canadian furniture for your house there, could you just order it from a Canadian company?"

This time the ambassador was really puzzled. "What's that got to do with trade between Russia and Canada?" he asked.

Twenty voices tried to explain that it had everything to do with trade—that if we want to buy United States products, for instance, we can write to a United States shop and buy them. The baffled ambassador conferred with his first secretary.

"We think the play would be not worth candles," the secretary said at last—"English proverb."

The ambassador added: "It would be cheaper to buy in Soviet Union. Perhaps prices would be better if you had lower tariffs." (Apparently he thought Canada levied a tariff on exports.)

Pat Nicholson of the Thomson Newspapers took him up on that point: "Speaking of prices, what's the cost of a pair of shoes, for example, in the Soviet Union? How do they compare with Canadian prices?"

"I want to avoid all these details," said the ambassador. After one or two more random questions he got up, smiled and bowed, and led the way to a table of drinks and canapes in the next room.

It was probably mere coincidence that the ambassador's press conference was called the day after Molotov had sunk the last hope for a peace treaty with Austria. ★

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Women generally, of course, are opposed to divorce. Many of them regard it as a grave social evil. Catholic women not only share this view but know that, according to God's law, divorce with remarriage is a serious sin.

Catholic women may be tempted at times unlawfully to limit the number of their children to fit the family income. But the Church reminds them this is a violation of God's law. Likewise, the obligation to provide religious training for their children is not a matter of choice. It is a clear duty.

Sincere people of all faiths, it is true, are devoted in their church attendance and conscious of their need to worship God. But for all Catholics, including women, these are regular obligations which they can never shirk. Attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, Confession and Communion at least once a year, and fasting and abstinence, are not merely religious exercises which a Catholic may observe or ignore. They constitute elements in the required Catholic "way of life."

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G SOON TO YOUR

MAILBAG

BRAVOS FOR JOHN TUNNEY

Thanks to Maclean's for printing John Tunney's Stubborn Fight for Justice (Feb. 15) and thanks to Tunney for fighting so persistently! Without men like him we would not long remain the true north strong and free. I [illegible] that my Canadian labor leaders should take guidance from foreigners who "don't give a damn" for our [illegible] — J. H. Osler, Winnipeg.

● Would you be so kind as to look for the word [illegible] in either your dictionary or thesaurus. In your above [illegible]

[illegible] I have used it twice. I thank you [illegible] — J. M. Dunbar, St. Lambert, Que.

[illegible] We cannot flout.

● [illegible] a very excellent article [illegible] every union man in Canada should read. — Joseph Paul Allard, Mt. Dennis, Ont.

● If that issue had contained only the story of John Tunney's splendid courage and resolution it would still be worth many times the sum paid for a copy. — Muriel B. Rayner, Toronto.

● It would seem consistent to this reader if you assigned Katz to get the other side of the Tunney story from the villain of his piece, Ed Hault, business agent of the Teamsters Local 119. — Sid Simpson, [illegible], Man.

● I must say that I find Sidney Katz writing very fair and objective. However, at the beginning I was beginning to think that the whole article was going to be an indictment of unions in general and I am still not sure that the general impression might not leave the reader with that feeling. I might add that I grew up on the farm in the days when organized labor was [illegible] to us. In the last few years I have done more reading and am coming to realize that unionism was a [illegible] necessity. — Margaret A. Pritchard, Toronto.

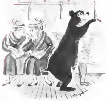
The Flag and Sir John A

Blair Fraser writes in Backstage at Ottawa (Feb. 1) that in 1902 Sir Joseph Pope (my father) "without authority from anyone" instructed that the Union Jack be flown over our parliament buildings instead of the [illegible] Canadian ensign. Fraser causes it to be inferred that Pope on his own had acted contrary to his beloved chief's wishes on a matter which was ever nearest Sir John A. Macdonald's heart. Nothing could be more incorrect.

Sir John A. did think it appropriate that in order to help identification of Canadian ships at sea, Canada's arms should be placed on the fly of Britain's red ensign, but to Sir John the flag of Canada was ever the Union Jack. — Edward Pope, Westmount, Que. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



It looks like dyed rabbit to me!

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Recipe for a Picture

AFTER EDNA STAEBLER, of Kitchener, Ont., wrote about Those Mouth-Watering Mennonite Meals (page 20) she left for a vacation in Spain. She chose Spain partly because she hates Spanish food and thought this would make it easy to shed off the pounds she gained sampling Mennonite cookery, and partly because she had heard Spain was a good place to relax. She was tired.

It wasn't doing the article that wore her down. It was arranging the illustration you'll see on page 21. Her friends the Martins, who instructed her in the art of preparing a Mennonite spread, belong to the old order of Mennonites. It is against their religious principles to pose for a picture or to allow a picture to be taken in their house. If Maclean's was going to have a photograph of a Mennonite feast, Edna realized she would have to produce it herself.

Edna Staebler spent six days in her kitchen for us, then she fled to Spain.

Maclean's engaged Peter Croydon, one of Canada's most competent photographers, to shoot the results in color. He was to arrive in Kitchener on a Saturday before noon.

Edna started getting ready on the preceding Monday. Besides the right kind of food, she needed the right sort of china and glass, stuff that would lend authentic. Before she was through a large section of Kitchener's population pitched in to help.

Esther Duffield, member of a prominent Kitchener family, volunteered a set of antique ironstone china. Dorothy Shoemaker, head of Kitchener's public library, loaned a butter dish and a soup tureen.

Bill Rueffer, Edna's butcher, was surprised when she ordered three yards of Mennonite-type sausage. "Ach, Edna," he asked in his soft Dutch accent, "why do you want so much for? Are you having yourself a banquet?"

Meanwhile Edna's mother, Mrs. Louise Cress, and her sister, Norma Hedgson, were busy baking pies and cookies. On Friday evening Edna whipped up a batch of *fetschpatzes*, sour-cream doughnuts. They were so good she ate seven before retiring. They kept her awake. She tossed and turned remembering details she had forgotten. By four a.m. she was up peeling potatoes and cleaning celery. At seven Saturday morning she was at Kitchener's famous country market buying cheeses, pickled sweet corn, apple butter, black walnuts, cold meats. By noon she was ready but Croydon hadn't appeared. He and his assistant, Dieter Passch, were crawling along an icy highway in a rain that froze as it fell.

It was four o'clock before they reached Kitchener. They were starving, not having eaten since breakfast. As they entered Edna's door they were engulfed in an aroma of tempting delicacies. Dieter, an apple-cheeked amiable young man who escaped a couple of years ago from the Russian zone of his native Germany, was also assailed by a wave of nostalgia for the dishes of Ontario's Mennonites are like the favorite dishes of rural Germany.

Peter and Dieter had been invited to help eat the food after they'd photographed it. But color photography is a time-consuming business and Peter Croydon, even when he's hungry, is a painstaking craftsman. Plates had to be shifted around for color contrast, pies and bread had to be brushed with melted butter so they'd shine properly under the floodlights, a touch of red was required so Edna had to bring pickled beets from her cellar. All hands were getting hungrier all the while. But finally the picture was on the film, belts were loosened and Edna, her husband Keith and their guests consumed enough grub to nourish an army. "This," said Peter, "was worth waiting for."

"Ach," sighed homesick Dieter, "just like at my grandfather's farm when I was a kid." So as Dieter departed for Toronto Edna gave him a huge paper bag filled with what remained from the feast.

"Just like from your grandfather's," she said, patting him on the arm. ★

MR. W. H. HALL-HOLLAND
[illegible]

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PARADE

As WINTER slowly moved along, drivers across the country continued to suffer a variety of evils. A Port Arthur, Ont., motorist rushed to his service station and insisted they had overcharged him. He was assured that the account was correct. "Okay," he said, "I'll pay if you'll just explain one small thing. How did you manage to fit eight new spark plugs into a six-cylinder engine?"

• • •

When the temperature dipped to forty below in Calgary a man with a brand new car swept magnificently from his garage and into the street while other drivers struggled to get their buggies going. He got as far as the corner when he stalled. Nothing would induce his splendid machine to go again. A few moments later a battered old garbage truck loaded to the tail gate pulled up behind him. After a good look at the sleek, pastel green vehicle ahead the driver said, "Guess I'll have to push you. There just doesn't seem to be any more room in the back."

WE PUT THE LEMON ALONG WITH THE GRAPEFRUIT
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• • •

An Ottawa car owner still doesn't know how narrowly he escaped having his vehicle impounded recently. A cop slapped a ticket on it because it was parked near a sign forbidding parking during snow removal. As the policeman affixed the ticket a man leaped from the car, grabbed the tag from the windshield, threw it on the ground and stamped on it violently. There was a scuffle. The ticket hater, who had obviously been drinking, was arrested for disorderly conduct and dispatched to the pokey. The constable sent for a tow truck and returned to his beat just in time to see a stranger enter the offending vehicle and drive off. The drunk had apparently climbed into the car for a rest.

• • •

A Renfrew, Ont., insurance agent takes no chances with bad drivers. Noticing a car parked at an awkward angle when he slipped into a space behind it at the hospital he jotted down its license number before going on his errand. When he returned there was a large dent in his fender. The car ahead was gone, but his number wasn't.

In Vancouver's continuing battle of wits between car drivers and the police, one motorist took the Police Department at their word when they said they were only trying to help him. Unable to find a parking space during the rush hour he double parked at a convenient spot, then phoned the police to ask them to look for the car. "I think it's been stolen," he explained.

An hour or so later he dropped into the police station, picked up his car, congratulated the force, and drove home.

• • •

A harassed Queens County, N.B., municipal tax collector got his name in the Saint John Telegraph-Journal under the heart-warming headline: TAX COLLECTOR KICKED, CHASED WITH PITCHFORK IN LINE OF DUTY. In nearby Kent County officials noted this trend, laid their own plans to deal firmly with the problem, and were surprised when the Moncton Daily Times took a respectable legal phrase and used it in the alarming headline: WILL EXECUTE DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS IN KENT COUNTY.

• • •

A young Vancouver housewife moved into a new apartment building and soon made friends with a small boy who lived in an apartment on the floor above. Within a week they were firm pals, and each morning the young man came to visit her about ten o'clock for a romp and some cookies. One morning about two minutes to ten her doorbell rang and she decided to have some fun with the boy. Instead of just opening the door she got down on her hands and knees and as the door swung back peered around it at about knob level and shouted, "Woof woof!" She watched in fascinated horror as a door-to-door salesman she had never seen before retreated in confusion down the hall without even stating his business.

BUT IF I'D PUT MY FOOT IN THE DOOR SHE MIGHTA BIT IT!

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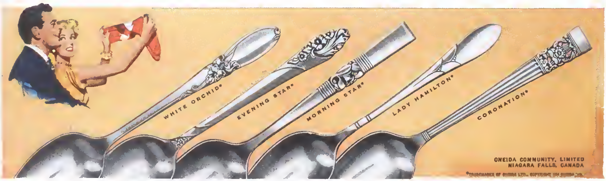

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